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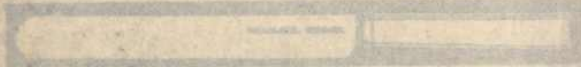


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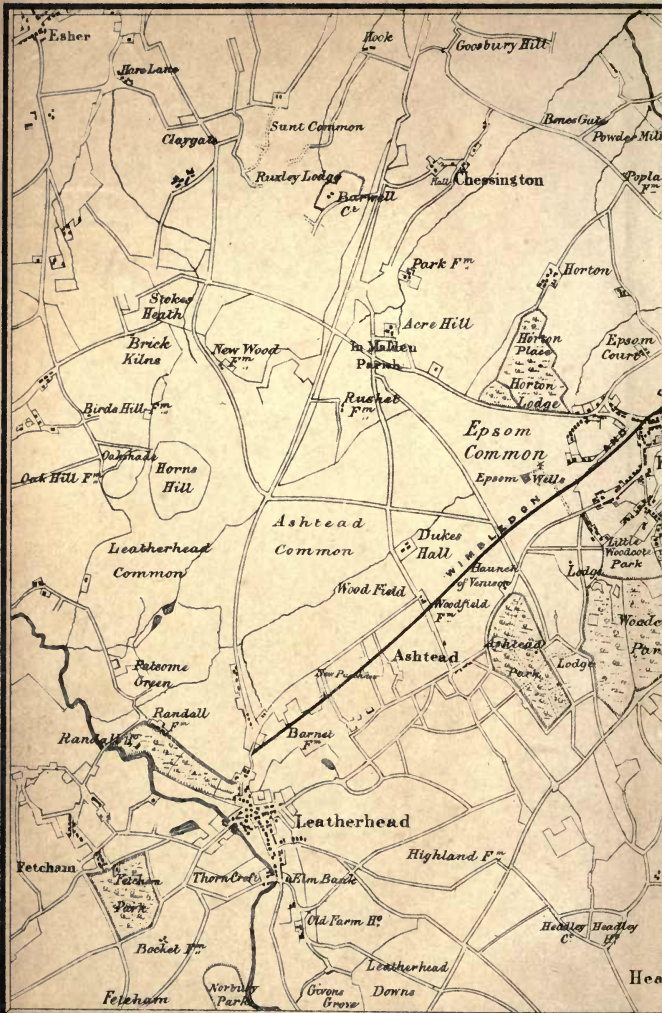
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A
HAND-BOOK OF EPSOM,

WITH

Illustrations on Wood and Steel,

EMBRACING THE VILLAGES OF

EWELL, LETHERHEAD, ASHTEAD,
BANSTEAD AND CHESSINGTON,

WITH THEIR VARIED POINTS OF

ATTRACTIVE SCENERY, FISHING ON THE MOLE, THE DOWNS,
GEOLOGICAL, BOTANICAL & ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTICES,

With a Map of the Neighbourhood.

C. J. SWETE, M.A.

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled
Her motions, as the Great First Movers hand
First wheeled their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked
Frequent; ———

Milton,

EPSOM:

JOHN NELSON COLLINGWOOD,

AND

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., LONDON.

1860.

NOTICE.

IF it be true that a Preface is never read—he is not wise that writes one. The design of this little book is so plain on its title, as scarce to need prefatory matter. We would, therefore, but insert these lines to acknowledge our obligations to many friends for statistics supplied, especially to Rev. A. Barrett, M.A., of North Cheam, for his geological notice; and to Rev. B. Bradney Bocket, M.A., Vicar of Epsom, for that of the entomological peculiarities of this district.

We would also request that we may be favoured by any corrections of this, as well as local information which may add interest to a future edition.

Our only regret is, that on account of the limited field a Hand-Book affords, many facts of the greatest interest have been necessarily omitted, which were the space large we might with advantage have included.

C. SWETE, M.A.

*Parade Gardens,
Epsom.*

1057665

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
MAP OF EPSOM AND NEIGHBOURHOOD, before the title.	
EPSOM HIGH STREET, SHOWING THE CLOCK TOWER	5
THE NEW INN OF 1706	28
EPSOM PARISH CHURCH	45
CHRIST CHURCH, EPSOM	58
THE GOOD SAMARITAN	63
WOODCOTE PARK, the Seat of Robert Brooks, Esq., M.P. . .	85
GARBRAND HALL, the Seat of George Torr, Esq.	96
EWELL CHURCH	99
NONSUCH PALACE, from an old Print of 1582	106
NONSUCH PARK, the Seat of William Farmer, Esq.	113
ASSTEAD CHURCH	130
CABARET OF ELINOUR RUMMYNG	141
VIEW FROM NORBURY PARK	146

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—The object of the work—American mode of Sight-Seeing—Epsom as a place of recreation for the wearied inhabitants of London. Pages 1 to 4.

CHAPTER II.

EPSOM.—The Road on Derby-Day—The Palaces of the Mediæval period—More modern palatial structures, Nonsuch & Durdans—The situation of Epsom—Evelyn's description of the Air of Surrey—The old names, Ebisham, Ebesham, Epseham—The Derivation of the Name—The Princess Ebba and Bishop Wilfred; her Palace on the site of Epsom Court—King Frithwald—Mention of the Manor of Ebesham in Domesday-Book—The Black Abbott of Chertsey, legend of him—Henry VIII. in possession of Epsom—Queen Elizabeth gives it to Edward Darcy, Esq.—Various successions—Copyhold injurious to the interests of the Town—The Manor of Horton—Railways to Epsom—Hotels, &c.—Nursery Gardens—Pitt Place, late Residence of Lord Lyttleton; Ghost said to have appeared to him—Banks—Gasworks—King's Head Hotel once frequented by the Courtiers of Charles II.—Nell Gwynn's House; Dr. Tenison preached her funeral sermon; Pepys mentions her—Fire of London—Seats near Epsom—Sharon Turner's residence in Epsom; His Works—George IV., when Regent, sojourned at Epsom—The New Inn, 1706—Tolands Letter to Eudoxa.

Pages 5 to 44.

CHAPTER III.

EPSOM CHURCHES.—The Parish Church, St. Martin's—Anecdote—Two Churches mentioned in Domesday-Book—Monuments—Rev. Jonathan Boucher—Rev. John Parkhurst, Lexicographer—Curious Inscription on Grave of Charles Parkhurst—Anecdotes from experience of a Parish Clerk—Christ Church—District Visiting Society—National and Infant Schools—Independent Chapel—Dr. Watts—Doctor Harris, Author of *Mammon*—Chapel of Wesleyan Methodists—Temporary Chapel—Union Workhouse—Royal Medical Benevolent College.

Pages 45 to 64.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELLS.—What they were—What they are—Anecdote of an Insurance Agent—The Discoverer of the Wells, A.D. 1618—Toland on "Wells"—The Supplanted Tradesmen—Eastern Monarchs weighed—Levingstone's Rogueries—Mrs. Deborah Giles on Chalibeate Wells—The Wells in the present day—Best mode of drinking the waters—Young Doctors explanation of the causes of the Wells decay—Dr. Rochecliffe's exposition of King Charles' problem. *Mrs. Mapp*, sister of Polly Peachum of Gay's Beggars Opera—Second sight and cure of scrofula—The Doctors Messenger outwitted—Mr. Mapp—Marriage and Desertion—Will Hogarth's print of Mrs. Mapp and the Consulting Physicians. *Seats of the Gentry*—Durdans—Charles II. and his Queen dine there—Evelyn at Durdans—Frederic Prince of Wales, his Character—Leigh Hunt on his character—The Prince and the Sweep—Woodcote—Rev. Martin Madan—Anecdote of Mr. Knipe and the Top Sawyer. Pages 65 to 90.

CHAPTER V.

EWELL—Its Boundaries—Derivation of Name—Doomsday-Book describes the Manor—Annexed by Henry VIII. to Honor of Hampton Court—The Advowson—Comes into the hands of the Glyn family—Residences of the Gentry—Residence of George Torr, Esq.—The Spring Hotel—Ewell Castle—Old Ruins of Queen Elizabeth's Bath—The Church—The Monuments.

NONSUCH PARK AND PALACE—As it was in the 16th century—Origin of Henry VIII. possession of it—Elizabeth purchased it—Anecdote of Essex and Elizabeth at Nonsuch—Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth leaving Nonsuch—Pepys' Diary—Thornbury's letter in the "Athenæum" on Nonsuch—Present possessor—The Gardens. Pages 91 to 114.

CHAPTER VI.

ASHTEAD.—Its Situation—Toland on Ashtead, 1666—Mention of it in Doomsday-Book—Owners of the Estate—Sir Robert Howard comes into possession—Hon. Mrs. Howard—Seats of Gentry around the Village—The Inn.

THE PARK—King James II.—Charles II. and William III. guests to Sir Robert Howard at Ashtead—Avenue of Limes—Aubrey on Ashtead—John Evelyn on Ashtead—Cost of the Buildings—Fine collection of Pictures enumerated—The Shrubberies and Park Trees—The noble Wych Elm 40 feet in circumference—Fine specimens of the Spanish Chesnut—Anecdote of their early days—Evelyn on "the Beech"—White of Selbourne—Gilpin—Gainsborough—Large Antlers and Legend connected with them—The Gardens and Conservatories—Stables.

THE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Giles—Roman Fragments—Hypo-

caust in possession of Rev. Wm. Legge—The Cedar Carving—The Stained Glass Windows brought from Flanders—The Monuments—National School; Inscription—Part of the Stane Street Causeway here—Alms Houses; Inscription.

Pages 115 to 136.

CHAPTER VII.

LEATHERHEAD.—Its Situation—Bridge across the Mole—Ancient Bridge in existence in the reign of Edward III. with a Toll-gate—King Alfred bestowed Leodride on his son Edward—The Manor of Thorncroft—Its mention in Domesday-Book—Letherhead connected with Ewell in 1203—The Boundaries of the Parish—Three separate estates before the Norman Conquest—The Country around Letherhead—The Cabaret of the Alewife of Letherhead, now the Sign of the Running Horse—Skelton's mention of her in "the Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng," in an edition of his poems printed A.D. 1571—Judge Jeffry lodged here on occasion of his daughters last illness—Register of her funeral—The Church and Monuments—Residences of Gentry, &c.

NORBURY PARK AND THE MOLE.—Plans for the Tourist—Scenery—Ancient Yew Trees—Beeches, Walnut Trees, & Oaks—Fishing on the Mole—The Owners of the estate since the Reign of Edward the Confessor—The late and present Owners—The Mole a court beauty—Flies and bait suited to this river—Test of weight of fish—The origin of the name Mole—The Swallows—The Course of the River—Various remarks on fishing subjects—Fish, not the sufferers they are imagined to be—Fish with hooks and lines fixed in their mouths will take the natural fly—Drayton's Episode on the wooing of the Thames and Medway—The Thames meets the Mole and is captivated—Spenser on the Mole—Milton on the Mole—The Swallows, their cause and nature—Defoe's Anecdote—Lake drained for fish near Brussels, immense quantity of fish—Home to Dinner—The Swan Inn—Lay of the Scotch Bard. Pages 137 to 162.

CHAPTER VIII.

BANSTEAD.—The Situation of the Village—Its Downs—Chalk Range Domesday-Book mention of Banstead—A house in Southwark belonged to this Manor—Seven manors in this parish—Henry VIII. settles part on Katherine of Aragon—Sir Nicholas Carew and his tragic end—Cardinal Poles conspiracy—The Restoration of Banstead to Sir Francis Carew—Now in possession of — Maudesly, Esq.—The Manor of Burgh—The Buckle family—The Manor of Perrotts—The Lambert family—The Manor of Tadworth—belonging to Mrs. Hudson—The Church of All Saints—Remarkable for its Pointed Arches—Oak Carving—Monuments — Ruth Bretts monument, curious — National

Schools—Registers commence 1546—Nork, seat of the Earl of Egmont—Banstead Park—Banstead Place—Garretts Hall—Bergh House—The Inn—Traditionary lore concerning Banstead—Evelyn's mention of it—Camden's account of Roman Remains at Woodcote near Banstead—Horsley's account of same.

EPSOM RACES.—The Scenery of the Downs—The Derby-Day, 200,000 spectators, their appearance when massed around the Course—Brayley's History of Surrey on the Races—Tradition as to their origin—Days on which held—The Origin of the names of the Stakes, Derby and Oaks—Eclipse & Thormanby—The Visit of her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Course—The Stewards. Pages 163 to 173.

CHAPTER IX.

CHESSINGTON.—Its Ecclesiastical junction with Maldon—Its Boundaries—Situation—Manors of Cisendone and Cisedune as mentioned in Doomsday-Book—Conveyance to E. Northey, Esq. of Epsom—Sale, and descent to Henry Gosse, Esq., the present possessor—The Church—The Monuments—Samuel Crisp, his Monument and Epitaph, by Dr. Burney, father of Madame D'Arbly—Seats of the Gentry. Pages 174 to 176.

CHAPTER X.

BOTANICAL NOTICE.—Derivation of the word Botany—Mysteries in nature—Knowledge of Botany necessary to the full enjoyment of Nature's floral beauties—Linnæus on Order—Table Mount—Instruments for Botany—A good Synopsis for the Student—Plants peculiar to the neighbourhood of Epsom—Orchidaceæ, Ophrys, Campanula Sedum, Chenopodium—Ferns, various species on Epsom Common and Downs—Ashtead—Ewell—Newtown Wood—Norbury Park—Banstead and Chessington—English names avoided as being arbitrary. Pages 177 to 184.

GEOLOGICAL NOTICE.—Sutton, Cheam, Ewell and Epsom lying on the edge of the Upper Chalk—Beds of Clay—Specimens of Ventriculite in Chalk Pits of Sutton and Cheam—Specimens in the Flints—Bivalves—Vertebræ in the Chalk—Curious quotation from Leland on valuable Clays near Epsom. Pages 184 to 186.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTICE.—Epsom rich in the treasures of the Animal Kingdom—Newtown Wood rich in wealth for the Lepidopterist and Coleopterist—Gamekeepers enemies to the science—Why? A. Iris, the purple emperor—T. Quercus, the purple hair-streak—Fritillaries—V. Anthropia, the Camberwell beauty—Nocturni of Doubleday—Anecdote of A. Antropos and the Bumpkin—The Hilly field of Headley—Stainton on C. Exoleta, &c., &c.—Lament that so little interest exists on the subject in Epsom. Pages 187 to 193.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.



IN PUBLISHING the following Guide for Epsom, with the lovely and interesting neighbourhood surrounding it, I have been encouraged, mainly, by the long existing demand for such a work; but also by a desire that other minds might mingle with my own in a somewhat deeper appreciation of the bright and beautiful, than is the wont of those who are led by the common Hand-Books of the day, to, merely and mechanically, "do" the place of their visitations, and then depart perhaps for ever. These mens minds are no better for their travel, their hearts are uninfluenced by the soft power of scenery, and they have left stores of wonders unexplored, and scenes of wondrous loveliness unexamined, which might have imparted instruction to the one, or given sweet enchantment to the other.

I cannot soon forget one striking instance of this hurried routine, in the case of an American acquaintance who once asked my company for a ride sight-seeing in London. Drive to St. Paul's, said he to his coachman. Up Ludgate Hill we drove; and as that noble dome, and the rich

outline of the fabric, great masterpiece of Wren, was spread before us; and while the chief difficulty really was, to find adequate expressions to extol each wonderful detail, my friend merely remarked, "Is that St. Paul's?" I answered, Yes, surely! "Very well then," said he, "Drive on coachey and let us have a peep at the Exchange."

It has been my aim, to carry the tourist somewhat further than this mere outline examination, to go with him into many a sweet sequestered vale, to climb yonder hills as they lie bathed in golden light, to wander with him by the rivers' bank, pointing out spots whence may be drawn the finny inhabitants of its depths, to point out the Geological structure of the land through which he strays, and to show how liberal Flora has been of her charming productions to woo the soft glance of the Botanist. In Entomology, the lover of this beautiful pursuit will find local traits pointed to, which may enable him to enjoy his own peculiar fancy. While tracks of the sweetest beauty are chosen for those whose care can be, but for a short time laid aside, and who must shortly wend their way, "back to busy life again."

It is in this respect that Epsom is becoming a place of immense value, especially to the toil-worn inhabitant of London. Little more than half-an-hours ride on the Rail, and the expenditure of little more than one shilling, permits him to feast his eyes on green trees and sweet flowers, to enjoy all those beautiful views and landscapes, which the poorest workman can ramble among as well as the peer.

List, to the glorious flocks of sheep upon the Downs,

how lovely the music they are making with their bells. List, to the chaunting of the sweet melodists of the groves—

“As from the blackbird’s mellow throat
There pours so loud and long a swell,
As echoes with responsive note
From mountain side and shadowy dell.”

The mind will receive the lovely impressions, as the quiet unruffled lake receives into its bosom the reflection of the sky and clouds above it, or the trees and flowers upon its margin; and all these are calculated to do more for the wearied soul than cushions of down, or canopies of gold.

It is therefore the task proposed, to avoid as far as possible that which would prove dull and uninteresting, to weave, in the gayest, happiest syllables, all that is peculiar, in historical and literary association, with the scenes we draw. It is hoped that this Guide may lead as with “a silken cord,” and that the pleasurable sensations, which a journey to Epsom and its neighbourhood must assuredly give, may, under its leadings, linger long upon the mind, and afford an enjoyment that will last.

Too well we know that change is written upon everything, and that in the space of a few years, change may come upon the scenes we describe; but, while many a stately mansion shall have changed its inhabitants, or lie crumbled into dust; while many of the old houses shall have disappeared in troops, and cohorts of new terraces probably arisen in their place, to accommodate the fugitive denizens of London; yet, since the hills and the valleys unchanging remain to form nature’s beautiful landmarks, long shall it be before Epsom and its lovely and salubrious

neighbourhood will cease to be Epsom still. And, therefore, we are encouraged to hope that this little book, the fruit of considerable labour, may be long before it is buried, beneath the tobacconist's or grocer's hand, in the grave of many of its betters.

Still, let what will be its fate, if it be voted a pleasant and innocent companion while it lasts. If it lead many a sickly worn-out one amid refreshing streams and beautiful flowers, bounties of God's good providence; if it shows him scenes, with beauty redolent, and makes him, in any sort, forget his cares, while at the same time it acts as a steady, sober guide; then, however discouraging the prospect, the labour will be felt to be light.



CHAPTER II.

EPSOM. Its name is known throughout the world. Does not its very mention bring a crowd of thoughts, *ridiculous, sublime, refreshing*? ridiculous when we think of its road scenes on its racing days; sublime in its recollections, its places; refreshing, when its lovely scenery passes before memory's eye.

Who that remembers the old coach days will readily brush away from his mind the incidents of the road to

Epsom, the favourite drive of prince or citizen, the fifteen mile walk of the sturdy pedestrian. At seasons bustling with wondrous life, at all times lovely and refreshing even in its solitary beauty.

But it has ever been unique in that view which is plentifully immortalised by illustration, almost ever since engraving has prevailed, namely, its appearance on the great day of the Summer Meeting. Though in nowise lovers of the course, we have walked forth then, merely to see the hurrying throng, and what a wondrous mixture! At one time, whirling past, comes the gay carriage of some wealthy patrician with its showy occupants, now the well appointed drag, or the old lumbering family coach. At another time the nondescript vehicle of the London tradesman, then the cart of the gipsy. All are in high glee, with faces full of pleasurable anticipation. Suddenly, some ill-bred pony stumbles across the road, his cart charged with a rough cargo of the Metropolitan butcher boys, causing huge confusion among the lordly throng, enhancing too the delight of the delinquents themselves, who now, "care not a button," for the highest in the land—laughter-loving souls that they are!

Here walks, sentimentally, the staid and sober accountant, who perhaps despises unaccustomed aid to his pedestrian habits; here, perhaps, the man who finds the walk an interest in itself. The stately carriage dog, and the merry cur, the fruitwoman with her basket piled with oranges, the vendors of gingerbread and beer—all strike you as such a picture of intent and preoccupation, scarce changing its features of careless merriment even when Royalty with all its pomp sweeps on, that the rhyme will

come humming up, so familiar to our nursery ears,—

“The King was in the parlour reckoning up his money,
The Queen was in the closet eating bread and honey,
The Maid was in the garden spreading out the clothes, &c.”

Royalty, pride and simple humanity—mind and mere instinct, all have such an air of abstraction—all so hurrying in a glad stream, careless, save of their own individual business, interest, or amusement.

But, again, the Palaces of the Mediæval period, and of more modern times, though they exist now but in history, or the annals it may be of tradition, add sublimity to the memories of Epsom and its environs. In ancient times, the Saxon kings here held court, and though, not a vestige remains of their pomp, yet we are wont to people the greensward with the shades of mail-clad warrior and diademed lady, with the minstrel as he chanted his sweetest lays in praise of beauty, or excited to deeds of prowess the monarchs martial band.

Fresher vestiges also exist of more modern palatial structures, and in Nonsuch and Durdans, the echo, we fancy, still seems accustomed to voices more royal than those that strive to awaken them now. All associate with Epsom, and the sweetest of its types of beauty, the grandeur also of days gone by.

Lastly, its refreshing loveliness in the beauty of its prospects, fill the mind with scenes “to memory dear.” Of these by and by we shall more largely speak, to woo to our sweet peaceful shades the tired and the weary; and this, in the full confidence that nature will paint scenes, can we but draw the tourist towards her Great Masters handiwork, which will enchant by their grace, as they satisfy by their enjoyment.

Epsom is a Village of Surrey, lovely for situation, surrounded by incomparable charms of scenery, and of wondrous salubrity, in which it is, perhaps, the most favored spot of that county on which the far-famed Evelyn pours forth his well weighed praise when he says in his Diary,—“I will say nothing of the air because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy,” No river meanders through its streets, but still its very name bespeaks the presence of the “fountain goddess.” Ebbisham, Ebesham, Epseham, for so it has been called at various periods of its history in the olden time, seem to receive their derivation from the presence of a remarkable intermitting spring, situate in the adjoining chalk hills, called the Earthbourn, which there gushes and flows and then disappears. “Ebbe,” the Saxon word for “ebb” (*recessus aquarum*), and “ham” a village, form the foundation for these names. The Saxon women of rank were frequently named after their inheritances. And from this gushing spring, the princess Ebba received her baptismal title, when at the font, A.D. 660, Bishop Wilfred received her into the bosom of the Church. Her palace was supposed to have stood near the site of the farm-house in the present occupation of Mr. Price, since known as Epsom Court. There she grew up and sung and loved; and there she wedded with heart as well as hand, the brave and pious Frithwald, the first christian Saxon king. The Parish of Epsom is bounded on the North by Chessington and part of Malden; on the East by Ewell; on the South by Banstead, Headley, and Walton-on-the-Hill; and on the South West by Ashted.

The Manor of Epsom belonged to the Monastery of

Chertsey before the Norman Conquest. In Domesday-Book we have this mention made of it.—“The Abbott holds Ebesham which in the time of King Edward was assessed at 33 hides; now at 11 hides. The arable land consisted of 17 carucates. There is 1 carucate in demesne; and 34 villains and 4 borders, have 17 carucates. There are two churches; and six bondmen, and two mills valued at 10 shillings, and 24 acres of meadow. The wood yields 20 swine. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 20*l.*, now at 17*l.*

The Abbot here mentioned was called, so says tradition, the Black Abbot of Chertsey, and there is a very curious legend connected with this adjective-title (black). I am sorry to say, that it is calculated to set in no very beautiful light woman in general, while the benignity of the Virgin Mary, and the virtue of the Abbot are largely insisted on. It seems that a neighbouring princess Coronetta became enamoured of this good Abbot, who was in the prime of life, and a decidedly handsome man. She used many arts to win him from the Church, to which he was pledged by vows of perpetual celibacy, but in vain. At last, no longer mistress of her prudence, she sent a troop of her maidens to seize him, as he passed from the Abbey to a chapel nigh at hand. The Abbot, unsuspecting of any plot, was not turned from his way, as they approached him with songs, and shouts, and merry dances. They fell upon him with their united force and were about to bear him off to their mistress' castle. Frantic (it is related) at his impending fate, the wretched man asked but for time to repeat his matins at the Chapel altar, which was granted.

Going thither, he prayed earnestly to the Virgin that he

might be made an object loathsome to behold, rather than he should fall into the hands of this wicked Princess, to be forced from the path of perpetual single blessedness. The prayer, it is said, was heard, and the legend concludes by stating that he immediately became perfectly "black in the face." When he returned to the young ladies, they thought it was the enemy of souls, scampered off as pale as ghosts, and the Princess was for ever cured of her unlawful passion. But the cognomen clung to the Abbot of Chertsey through all generations.

This is a silly legend, but shows how many things in Roman Catholicism take their rise in Paganism. Our classical readers will remember Arethusas' request to Diana, as she fled from Alpheus, and its answer, by her being turned, through the kindness of the Goddess, into a fountain.

After various vicissitudes, Henry VIIIth became possessed, in A.D. 1537, of the Manor of Epsom. Mr. Manning, in his History of Surrey, says that he purchased it, but I am afraid the purchase-money was not very considerable. However, the King, shortly after, gave the Manor to Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, who did not long enjoy either his possessions or the King's favour, for shortly after, he was accused of treason, convicted, and executed.

Epsom, therefore, became again forfeited to the Crown, and was retained among the crown lands until A.D. 1589, when Queen Elizabeth gave it to Edward Darcy, Esq., groom of the privy chamber, a wild and careless fellow, who having lost much at the gambling table was compelled shortly to sell to George Mynn, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn.

In the changes of things, Mr. Mynn died, leaving a widow, who was daughter to Sir Robert Parkhurst, of Pyrford. She bequeathed it to her daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Evelyn, the younger brother of the well-known author of "Sylva." Mrs. Evelyn became a widow, and leaving no issue, her five children having died in their youth, she devised her estates to trustees for her sister Ann, who was now married to Sir William Morley, her first husband having been Sir John Lewknor, for her life. She left the remainder to her nephew, John Lewknor, as a life interest, and then to his issue by any wife, except his then wife Jane. She after left remainders successively to John Parkhurst, of Catesby, and Nathaniel his son. The estate came down to John Parkhurst, son of the above Nathaniel. He had issue four sons. By a family arrangement there was power given to the father to appoint his estates, which he by his will, A.D. 1762, devised to trustees thus,—on trust for his wife for life, then to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among the younger sons. To his eldest son he gave the advowson of the vicarage.

Ricarda dying, A.D. 1770, the Manor was sold to Sir Joseph Mawbey, and thence descended to Sir Joseph his son. He died, A.D. 1817, and was succeeded by Emily his eldest daughter. She dying, the property came to her sister Anna Maria, who, A.D. 1819, married John Ivatt Briscoe, Esq., M.P. for West Surrey.

This is a valuable estate and might be made far more so, if the terms of enfranchisement from Copyhold, now so high, and so injurious to the interests of the town, were made sufficiently easy, to encourage the building of

suitable houses for those who are so desirous to press into Epsom, to enjoy the beauties of its incomparable neighbourhood. Shortsighted, indeed, seems the present mode of procedure as regards this property.

The manor of Horton, which mingles with the property of Epsom, is held now by the representatives of J. Trotter, Esq. It has a small village of straggling houses, which forms a hamlet of the parish of Epsom

Epsom Court, which we have already noticed, as near the supposed site of Ebbas palace, was anciently the Manor House of Epsom, but it is now a farm house in the occupation of Mr. Price, with about three hundred acres of land attached to it. It was not sold with the Manor in 1770, but, with the greater tithes became the property of the daughter of the Rev. John Parkhurst, author of the Greek Lexicon, a work which has long held a high place in the estimation of students of the Greek Testament. From this lady they passed to the Rev. Fleetwood Parkhurst, late Vicar of Epsom.

We shall say but little about the village of Epsom itself. It is a large and populous place, which indeed should scarce be called a village. A little care and removal of certain hindrances would give it quickly all the advantages of a market town.

There are here two good Bookselling establishments; several extensive shops, and a supply constantly maintained of fish, meat, poultry, bacon, &c., in quality second to none.

Numbers of pretty villas are almost incorporated with the main thoroughfares, and daily this village is increasing in size and importance, chiefly through the influence of

the two lines of Rail, which feed it; one running from Waterloo Bridge, which is reached in about thirty-five minutes thereby, and the other from London Bridge which is gained in about fifty minutes.

Thus it would quickly become the abode of London merchants of different grades, as already it has in some degree, but for the incubus of that depressing and short-sighted law of copyhold of which we have spoken, which renders it almost impossible to obtain on reasonable terms, ground for building. If this hindrance were removed, then this lovely retreat would afford its shade to many a weary one, and refresh him for further toils in building up the nations greatness.

There are several Hotels and Inns where the traveller may find refreshment and repose. We would specify a few of the more prominent.—The King's Head, kept by Mr. Lumley, is a house where every want will be well supplied. It is situate in a fine open space opposite the Clock Tower. The landlord is most kind and attentive to his guests, while Mrs. Lumley's remarkable anticipation of every wish, and gentle assiduity, render this an abode peculiarly suited for families requiring kind consideration. The viands are noted for being always of the very best description, and the charges moderate. A table d'hôte is well supplied every Wednesday. The large assembly room attached to this hotel was built by Mr. Andrews, architect; it is 65 feet long, $19\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 18 high. In this are held county balls and dinners, with occasional concerts, and other assembly fetes.

The Spread Eagle is a Family and Commercial hotel with ample accommodation, occupying also a good central

position opposite the Terminus of the South-Western Branch Station, and having a frontage up High Street towards the Clock Tower. The proprietors, Mr. & Mrs. Hunt, seem to spare no trouble or expense, to render this house worthy of the Town. A spacious assembly room nearly 60 feet long by $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad is adapted for county and assembly meetings, and within it, occasionally used as a supper room, is a large and airy Billiard room well lighted and ventilated. The private sitting rooms and the bed rooms are of a very superior order, and the charges extremely moderate for so well conducted an establishment. A table d'hôte is spread every Wednesday for the convenience of the visitors to the weekly market, which we hear is liberally supplied at a very small charge. Families may be accommodated with every comfort, while they sojourn here either to view the charming scenery of the neighbourhood of Epsom, or to try the noted salubrity of its air.

There is also another Hotel called the Albion, R. Wood, proprietor, where families and commercial gentlemen will meet with kind attention.

Two Branch Banks are well upheld—one a scion of the London and County Joint Stock Bank, and under the management of M. J. Willis, Esq. The other, connected with the West Surrey Bank, manager, G. Coppard, Esq. The Savings' Bank stands in High street, its prosperity is a matter of congratulation, aiding as it does the encouragement of thrift in the lower classes. H. Gosse, Esq., has been its energetic Treasurer since its commencement nearly 40 years ago. The managers who assist him are chosen from the principal gentry and tradesmen of Epsom.

There also is a Literary and Scientific Institution in which lectures on different subjects are given. The chief newspapers are taken in, and some periodicals; while the Library has many excellent works, either purchased from the funds, or presented by kind donors who have had the welfare thereof at heart. It is much to be wished that means would permit a more solid and comfortable building to be erected for the use of this valuable institution.

The town is well lighted with gas from a gasometer situate on the road to Ewell, small, but reflecting great credit on its management.—Both the public lights and the supply for private consumption seem to afford complete satisfaction. The lighting of the Town for the first time, signalised the marriage of our beloved Queen, in 1840. The gasometer was built the year preceding. This Company is managed by a Board of Directors elected annually.

There are two Nursery Gardens on the road to Ewell. Mr. Morse cultivates one, and seems to be successful in obtaining a good show of the various flowers in their seasons. This nursery, though under an acre of ground only, has a fine stock of garden plants and fruit trees.

The once far-famed Nursery Grounds of the Messrs. Young, are now in possession of Mr. George S. Dods, who is fast progressing towards even a greater reputation as nurseryman than that which his predecessors held. He has been in possession but a short time, and yet has already erected some very fine glass structures, with all the modern improvements, which are well worthy of inspection by those about to build glass houses, so complete are their ventilating as well as heating arrangements,

and so inexpensive their cost. These consist already of the New Holland House, for the culture of New Holland and Cape plants; the Propagating House, for Geraniums and Specimen Plants; the Show House, which looks at all seasons very gay; while there are two very fine ranges of Pits for the culture of plants for the flower garden. These houses and pits are so arranged as to enable them all, and also those which the proprietor proposes to add this year, to be heated by one powerful boiler.

It is wonderful how much has been done here in so short a time. The large stock of plants already propagated reflects great credit on Mr. G. Dodds' industry and skill. The borders outside the houses are neatly laid out for utility as well as ornament, and are always full of the novelties of each season for flower garden decoration. The nursery ground in the rear contains in addition, $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, this is planted with a very choice collection of fruit trees, roses, herbaceous plants, evergreens, and deciduous shrubs. It appears to be the present proprietors aim to make this nursery serve as a promenade for the inhabitants of Epsom, &c. We find on reference to the prize lists, that Mr. Dodd is well known in the horticultural world as a first-class cultivator of all classes of plants, having taken upwards of four hundred prizes at the Metropolitan and local shows.—His name figures for prizes gained at Chiswick, Royal Botanic Gardens, Crystal Palace, Oxford, Windsor, Reading, Chertsey, and Staines: And we have no doubt that if we succeed in having a good Epsom Floral Show, he will be a prize-man there too.

Near the Church there is a mansion called Pitt Place, so called from its site having been originally a chalk pit, with little remarkable in itself, but noted as the abode, during the law vacations, of Lord Chief Justice Lyttleton, part author of the well-known Book of Precedents, by Coke and Lyttleton.

There is a strange tale of a ghost having appeared at his residence in London just before the occasion of his death.

He had lately returned from Ireland, and had been attacked several times by suffocating fits while in London. In the visions of the night, while he tossed upon his bed restlessly, he thought he heard a noise as of the sound of wings; raising himself upon his arm, there appeared to him a dove, of beautiful plumage; poising itself upon its fluttering pinions above his bed, it seemed to look mournfully upon him awhile, and then departed.

Some short time after, and ere his astonishment had passed away, a female form in white apparel stood by the side of his bed, it was a face he knew, that of one he had deeply injured, and who lived far away. He could not speak. She waved her hand, it was the hand of a corpse; she placed her face very near his, it was the face of one from whom life had fled; her eye was glazed by the hand of death. At last she spoke, her words were these—"Lord Lyttleton, prepare to die.!" In a trembling voice, he asked, "When?" She said, "Ere three days have reached their close you must die." He was so dreadfully alarmed that when his servant obeyed his piteous call, he found his master in a profuse perspiration, with eyes staring and his whole frame working with agitation.

The circumstance had a depressing effect upon him for some hours, but quickly this careless nobleman shook off his gloom.

On the third day, while breakfasting with some friends, and among them the daughters of the person he had seen, he jocularly remarked—"If I live over to-night, I shall have jockeyed the ghost." The whole party set off for Pitt Place. On their arrival his Lordship had a sharp attack but recovered from it. He went early to bed, and having sent his servant for a spoon to stir his medicine, on the man's return he found his master in a fit. His alarm was so great, probably having his mind set on the prediction, that instead of relieving the pressure upon his neck, he ran to alarm the house. On his return he found his Lord dead.

It is stated that Mrs. Amphlett who he thought had appeared to him, died of grief, from the fact of the abduction of her two daughters, who had followed Lord Lyttleton, at the precise hour when the female vision appeared to his Lordship.

There are many versions of this story, but the preceding is, we believe, the most authentic. It is not the first case in which there have been impressions on the minds of the guilty similar to this, and certainly there have been many remarkable coincidences between the time when a mind has been so impressed, and the time when the death of that person whose image seemed presented to the eye took place. We cannot attempt to explain a matter so inscrutable and so strange.

Pitt Place is now occupied by Francis Somerville Head, Esq., son of the well-known and talented Sir Francis Head, Bart., author of many exquisite works in.

literature, among them "Bubbles from the Brunnens," "Stokers and Pokers," &c. There did exist in the conservatory a myrtle tree of extraordinary dimensions, having been two feet in girth, and 16 feet high; but the present proprietor, seeing probably that it had outlived its beauty, cut it down as cumbering the ground.

Opposite the Clock Tower in High Street, is the King's Head Hotel, now a large, commodious, and excellently conducted first-class house, kept by Mr. Lumley. This inn is remarkable as having been in the olden time, before its complete restoration, the place of sojourn for many lords and ladies of the Court of Charles II., whose names figure, respectably or otherwise, on the page of history.

The house directly adjoining, now in the occupation of Mr. Parker, provision merchant and grocer, is one which from its associations attracts attention. It is connected with a well-known person of olden days, who strange to say has always been popular with the English people. You remark that house with those two bay windows, fronted until lately by a balcony which has been just taken away. This house the infamous but noted Eleanor Gwynn frequented—Nell Gwynn, who sometime swayed a monarch's mind (and chiefly to good and kind actions very foreign to the royal nature). There lived this being (so thoughtless for herself, so thoughtful for others) with Lord Buckhurst; and in that balcony was accustomed to sit, watching the fashionable throng as they passed on in search of health or pleasure to the Wells. At the other side of the Town, opposite Pitt Place, near the Parish Church, stables still stand, built by the dissipated and giddy Charles, for her use.

Hateful as it is to refer in any way to this silly and debased monarch and his guilty course, the Hand-Book of Epsom would not be complete in its history, without a reference to the residence here of this remarkable though sinful woman. It is to be hoped that Cibbers information regarding her repentance is well founded. He thus writes, "Her repentance in her last hours, I have been unquestionably informed, appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." And again Wigmore writes to Sir George Etheridge, then Envoy at Ratisbon, "She is said to have died piously and penitently, and as she dispensed several charities in her lifetime, so she left several such legacies at her death."

She left a will, a singular document; its second clause desired, "that Dr. Tenison may preach my funeral sermon." And strange to say, the Doctor, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, did preach the funeral sermon of Nell Gwynn. It did seem bold in Tenison to preach such a sermon, though we are not told what its drift was; but it was probably, pointing to the sin of the King as well as of his paramour, and faithfully warning others against their example.

However, the fact of his having preached it, was attempted to be used for his destruction. When, in A.D. 1691, the see of Lincoln was vacant, and about to be given to Tenison; Viscount Villiers, himself once the basest profligate of a debauched court, made it a reason to Queen Mary for the exclusion of the Doctor, that "he had preached a notable funeral sermon in praise of Nell Gwynn." But Mary, the wife of William the third, had her own opinions of the Doctors worth, and was not

to be easily prejudiced against him. "I have heard as much," said Mary, and this is a happy sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent, for, if I have read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a truly pious end, the Doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her," Tenison was appointed to Lincoln, and afterwards, the Primacy becoming vacant, he became Archbishop of Canterbury. He was certainly the best judge, as far as man can judge, of the sincerity of this poor Magdalenes repentance. And with his Saviour's commission in his hand, he could offer God's pardon, through that Saviour, to the very chiefest of sinners, repentant and believing in Him.

Nell Gwynn was born in Drury Lane, became an orange girl at the Theatre, and afterwards a most successful actress of Comedy. It is just possible that it was she, whom the quaint but lively High Commissioner Pepys met, when (as in his Diary) he writes, "I was challenged in the pit for the price of twelve oranges which the *orange girl* said I owed her, but which I think was wholly untrue, however I was not content with denying the debt, but for quiet, bought four shillings worth of oranges from her at sixpence a piece." He calls her all through his Diary "the pretty witty Nell."

She shortly afterwards was chosen to represent prominent points on the stage, where she gained considerable repute; Pepys says, regarding one scenic representation, "The King and the Duke of York were present; the play was so done by Nelly, her merry part, as cannot be done better in nature; it is impossible to have Florimels part, which is the most comical ever made for woman, done better than by Nelly."

Nell Gwynn then came to Epsom, in the meridian of her beauty, as a healthy and fashionable resort of the citizens of London.

Thomas Shadwell has written a comedy entitled "Epsom Wells" licensed in 1673—which Dryden with true judgment stigmatizes with some such title as "hungry Epsom prose," but in which however we find a very true and amusing though sad description of Epsom as it was then, when indeed no virtuous man should have chosen it as his families home, though alas! every place which the court breathed upon, grew equally cankered at that time.

The waters of Epsom were then considered efficacious equally with those of Tunbridge Wells, one being frequented, perhaps, more by the dwellers in the East, the other by those in the West of London.

Pepys writes, as we mentioned above, that it was in the next house to the King's Head that "Nell Gwynn and Lord Buckhurst put up, keeping merry house" Alas! the thoughtless brings! while they revelled, there were sad hearts elsewhere, and a panic through the nation.

The years 1665, 1666, and 1667, were remarkable for the Plague, the Fire of London, and finally the National disgrace, well merited as a judgment upon the nation, of a Dutch Fleet in the Thames insulting Englands flag.

But a brighter cotemporary scene may be painted during the period of Nell Gwynn's residence in Epsom. An old man, venerable but noble in his appearance, sat in his chair by a low table. His outer sight was gone; but the fire of his minds eye burned brighter than ever—the outer sight was wont to wander over the brightest scenes of earth with rapture, and to draw from them earths poetry—

But alas ! the dark cloud had spread over that outer sight, and those bright scenes could charm no more. But the inner sight could now take a higher flight, pierce through, and draw from heaven brighter and lovelier syllables of things more glorious far. The blind man dictates, and the beautiful gentle girl that sits by his feet, she writes. That is the old mans favourite daughter, the old man is the poet Milton, and the production "*Paradise lost.*" Evelyn tells us that this work (sold by Milton for £12) was most unpopular, when first published, as coming from the hand of "that Milton who wrote for the Regicides."

At the upper end of Church Street, is the entrance lodge of the Grove. This is a very beautiful residence in the centre of grounds finely planted, the conservatories are handsome, and well stored with choice exotics. A very excellent view has been gained of the old Church tower, as well as a larger area gathered from the intruding foliage, by the hewing of a few fine trees.

There can scarce be imagined a more delightful retreat than this is ; the night bird of song makes it his merriest musical hall, and by day there is no end to the most glorious concerts of the "feathered songsters of the grove." This is the residence of R. Carter, Esq.

The Vicarage stands opposite the Grove ; it is a very comfortable brick house with grounds in the rear. It was erected from designs of J. M. Brooks, Esq., for the present Vicar the Rev. Benjamin Bradney Bockett. He is resident here. Adjoining the grounds of the Vicarage is "the Vicarage Sunday and Day School," which has been built by the exertions of the Vicar and his friends. Here upwards of 80 children are educated in the Scriptural

principles of our Holy religion. This School is in union with that admirable institution "the Home and Colonial School Society," and is regularly inspected by the Agents of the Society. There are two very fine yew trees fronting the house of the Vicar, which has several portions of the old building still remaining, the materials of which were drawn from the old Palace of Nonsuch.

The next house, called the Cedars because two handsome cedars stand in front, from their size, forming an interesting addition to the scene, is quite an ornament to that part of the town; it is a large brick structure, half covered with ivy. It is now in the occupation of Miss Eisdell, who is head of a select establishment for young ladies. The residence of Henry Gosse, Esq., author of part translation, of Tasso, and Ovid; R. Gillespie, Esq.; George Giberne, Esq., and others—make Epsom, with its environs, one of the sweetest villages in the land, by reason of the trees and lawns and flowers with which, through these, its streets are surrounded.

In a house off High Street and facing the Station of the Railway, which runs to Waterloo bridge, lived for many years, one of whose residence Epsom may well be proud, Sharon Turner, one of the clearest philosophers as well as sublime writers of any time.

With language majestic as that of Chalmers', his philosophy was as deep as that of Butler; while with a simplicity full of grace and peculiarly his own, he handled all topics with the hand of a master of the very purest English idiom.

His writings are very comprehensive, and yet, possessing great unity of design. We more particularly remark

this desire after unity, in his poem of Richard the 3rd, which I deem his only failure; but in which he endeavours to show, in a most novel way, Richard's mind working; whence he deduces an apology for many of his worst actions. This work he means to be applied in its principle, to all his works of history, whence he supposes that clearer insight will be had into the characters of those who moved upon the world's eventful stage. His History of England in three parts—the Anglo Saxons—the Middle Ages—the Modern history of England, in all 12 volumes, are subjects for a charming study; and the "Sacred History of the World as displayed in the Creation" is a marvel of wisdom and philosophy; while it has an insensible traction to the least studious mind, which forces it on, when once it has entered the subject it treats of. The student of English literature who wishes really to elevate his taste as well as to enrich his mind, will not fail to have, ever among the choicest treasures of his library, the works of Sharon Turner, F.S.A. In the late Sir Robert Peel Mr. Turner had an ardent admirer; that great statesman recommended him to the Crown for a literary pension—while it is well known that often in Parliament, he quoted his works. His son William was married to Miss Sarah Rodgers, sister to our townsman Thomas Rodgers, Esq., Solicitor.

We would refer the ladies of Epsom to that beautiful passage in the "History of the Creation," vol. 1, page 544 where he thus wrote, and with the experience of seventy summers to mature his judgement. "One of the most beautiful interesting and benevolent ideas of the Divine mind, in His creation of the terrestrial economy was the

conception and formation of the Female sex. No other production has contributed so much to the improvement and happiness of human nature. It was the divinest of our Great Authors works on earth, for it was one of the wisest as well as loveliest of His philanthropic inventions. When he declared, as the reason of this particular creation, "It was not good for man to be alone," he pronounced a truth which every age and clime and nation have verified. The poet Gay's dramatic exclamation, "We had been brutes without you," is not a Parnassian hyperbole. It is the simple and everlasting truth; not so much, perhaps, to the credit of our self love as we should desire, but an admirable comment on our Creators recorded observation."

And in the hope of awakening a desire in all to peruse this noble work, we may be excused for referring to his chapters on "the Bird Creation, Plumage and Song" — "the formation of Quadrupeds," and "the principles of Man's creation," and for quoting an example of his philosophic style, when he says in the commencement of the first volume—"In the following reflections, the important subjects of thought which occur to the enquiring mind on the recorded subject of the primeval history of man during the first period of his being—a period which in the shortest computation comprised the first 1656 years of human existence—will be considered as they arise—with continual deference to the authority from which the facts are taken, but with the exercise of that mental investigation which is usually termed philosophical."

No arrogant assumption is intended by this epithet: it is a word which is used to denote an inquiry into the

principles of what we discuss, according to those of our just knowledge on all natural phenomena — a mental investigation that searches for intelligible causes and agencies consistent with those with which we are already acquainted, and which seem to be most certain. It is an endeavour to illustrate by reason what we believe upon proper authority. I have always found my own belief most steady whenever I traced it to be in coincidence with my other knowledge; and it is my earnest desire that in all things your belief may be accompanied by your judgment; and that Faith and Reason may in you be always in that pleasing union, which will ever constitute the soundest and largest mind, and yield the greatest comfort. I cannot pretend to do more than to explain to you those inferences and reasonings which have satisfied myself. It is absurd for any human being, uninspired, to domineer over another. I would not attempt to do so. It would be both unjust and foolish. It would fail in its effect, and be contrary to the well-founded claim which every one has to judge for himself, under his own responsibility to the Deity, who rightfully claims our implicit obedience and immediate acquiescence in all that he discloses.

Before the period of Sharon Turner's residence in this place, one of very different stamp was wont to sojourn there. George the IV when Prince of Wales dwelt here for a time with his injured but faithful wife Mrs. Fitzherbert. It will be seen that, when the whim served, he was as careless of the dignity of his abode here below, as he was of securing an inheritance in the land afar off. The house is very humble, and now, from the circumstances of its position, as well as from its age, falling into decay.



THE NEW INN, 1706.

In High Street there is an antique but noble building, belonging to Mr. Bailey, Goods Merchant—(whose ware-rooms now possess the place of bygone revelry,) well worthy of the attention of the traveller. This was the great Inn, in the times of the old Wells. It possessed a noble Assembly room which still exists in its altered form. An archway now built up, but which did run quite through the centre of what is Mr. Bailey's shop, may be traced on the Eastern wall. In times prior even to those of which we speak, Cockfighting prevailed largely at Epsom, and the back of these premises was devoted to this odious amusement in the times of Charles II.

Just beyond the archway of the line to Leatherhead,

lived Lord Byron, who succeeded to the title and estates of the Poet. His house was some time since pulled down; the site is occupied by malting premises.

I shall conclude this chapter, already carried to a considerable length, by a very beautiful letter from Mr. Toland (John) to a lady of his acquaintance whom he styles "Eudoxa." You will find it at full length in Toland's description of Epsom in his "Itinerary" a rare work. Toland himself resided in Epsom, in the reign of Queen Anne, at the time when her consort Prince George of Denmark was accustomed to visit Epsom to drink the waters. It is quoted in a remarkable old book entitled "A journey through England, in familiar letters from a gentleman to his friend abroad, printed at London, for John Hooke, at the Flower de Luce, over against St. Dustan's Church in Fleet Street, in the year of grace, 1724."

This old book has been kindly lent to me for the purpose of this work by Mr. Ward one of the leading medical men at present in Epsom, brother to Mr. Ward whose simple but valuable invention of the closely glazed case, has not only called forth the gratitude of many a worn invalid as she revelled in the beauties of her bedroom-garden but also has added to the facilities of the transport of many a rare exotic from other climes, which else could never have appeared in our conservatories.

I am aware that it has been quoted by the able writer of the "Bye lanes of England" who stumbled upon it (he, says), in rummaging an old book stall in one of the ancient cities of lower Normandy. It arose however before my magic wand, more gently and gracefully, from

the midst of a well-stored and well-regulated library, and itself, so long a regular steady inhabitant of Epsom, may as well speak to the praise of that town, as its more travelled brother.

This quaint letter writer gives us a most graphic sketch of Epsom and its peculiarities, as they presented themselves in the year 1723, the 9th year of the reign of George the 1st.

Before quoting the letter above-mentioned he says in his own — “Epsom is a charming town, which from the Church to my Lord Guilford’s palace, may make a good mile and a half in a semicircle. All the houses have gardens and trees before the doors, so that it seems a continued grove; and the plain in the midst of the semicircle may be half a mile over, opening to the Downs.

This place being nearer London than Tunbridge, is more frequented by the citizens for its purging mineral waters tinctured with alum, and good air, and what is extremely convenient, you have a travelling market of fish, flesh, fowl and fruit brought to your door every morning.

Here are two bowling-greens, with raffling shops and music for the ladies diversion, as at Tunbridge; but the ladies do not appear every day on the walks as there. Here you see them, on Saturdays, in the evening, as their husbands come from London; on Sundays at church, and on Mondays in all their splendour when there are Balls in the Long-rooms; and many of them shake their elbows at Passage and Hazard with a good grace.

This place abounds with that vermin called sharpers as Tunbridge does; and one risks very much that plays

further than raffling with the ladies.

Epsom is the place in the world the freest from censure and observation ; for mankind seems to be here incognito all the week, except on Monday's and Saturday's at even ; and you may be here a year together before your nearest acquaintance asks you where you lodge except you invite him ; everybody seems to have business enough, on their own hands, of his own not to mind that of everybody else."

Happy, Happy Epsom of 1723. It has been long contested by philosophers, whether there ever was a golden age, or whether it was merely a fabled state of existence, or if there was a golden age, it has been eagerly enquired of them—when? Behold ye philosophers! in Epsom A.D. 1723, the golden age did positively exist, alas! so soon to end, when "everybody seemed to have business enough on his own hands not to mind that of any body else.

"After dinner (our letter writer proceeds) we ride out on the Downs, which are very fine indeed, or take a coach to the Ring, where all the good company of the neighbourhood come in fine weather, and at night, a party at cards, raffling in the Long-rooms, &c., finishes off our evening.

On Sundays in the afternoon, the company generally go to a charming place called Box Hill, about six miles off, where there is no house, but arbours cut out in box-wood from the top of the hill, and there you may have for your money all manner of refreshments ; from hence one hath a most delicious, commanding prospect of a fine country, and it may be justly called the Palace of Venus.

This place was first planted with boxwood by that

famous antiquary Thomas, Earl of Arundel, designing to have built a house there; but want of water made him alter his resolution, and build one at Albury hard by, now belonging to the Earl of Aylsford, and which sufficiently justified the true idea the world have had of that great Architect, its first founder.

If you would know Epsom more particularly, and in more florid style than what I can express myself in, you will find it in the following diverting letter written by Toland to his Eudoxa who desired a description of it. "Madam,—Epsom is a village in the county of Surrey, much frequented for its most healthful air, and excellent mineral waters; is distant from London Bridge about fourteen Italian miles, and twelve from Vauxhall. It is deliciously situated in a warm, even bottom, between the finest down in the world on the one side, (taking its name from the village of Banstead, seated on their very ridge,) and certain clay-hills on the other side, which are variously chequered with woods and groves of oak, ash, elm and beech; while both the poplars, intoxicating yew, the florid whitebeam, the withe-tree, the hornbeam, and the correcting birch are not wanting."

The expression "intoxicating" yew may strike the reader as curious, but it is a fact that, upon some insects, it has that power—the dotted chesnut moth (*Glea Rubiginea*) which is very rare, frequents these yews when ripe, and becoming intoxicated with juice is easily taken in the month of October, at midnight.

Our letter writer thus proceeds "I need not mention the numberless copses of hazel, thorn, maple, and other trees of dwarfish growth, that agreeably diversify all this

country; nor that for the most part they are amorously clasped in the twining embraces of ivy and honeysuckles.

The Downs, being covered with grass finer than Persian carpets, and perfumed with wild thyme and Juniper, run thirty miles in length, though under different appellations from Croydon to Farnham."

"And for sheep walks, riding, hunting, racing, shooting, with games of most sorts for exercise of the body or recreation of the mind, and a perpetual chain of villages within a mile or less of each other beneath, they are nowhere else to be paralleled.

The form of this our village as seen from thence is semicircular exactly, beginning with a church and ending with a palace; or, lest our style here should offend you, Madam, it has a palace for its head and a church for its tail, Mr. Whistlers far conspicuous grove making, as it were, a beautiful knot in the middle. Epsom never misses of the eastern or western sun, and is about a mile in length; the area within the bending of the bow or half-moon, being a spacious plain of corn fields opening to the Downs.

To these evergreen mountains of chalk you may out of every house insensibly ascend, without so much as a hedge to obstruct the air or the passage; indeed the risings are many times so easy, that you find yourself at the top without perceiving that you have mounted.

From the circumference of the semicircle, there branches out two or three pleasant lanes, being the extremities of the roads which lead to the town from the slow declivities of the neighbouring hills. These are preferred to the principal streets by such as are lovers of silence and retire-

ment, and are known by the names of Clay Hill, New Inn lane, and Woodcote Green, in which last place your humble servant has his hermitage.

There are other alleys and outlets of meaner note; amongst them I dont reckon the avenue leading up to Durdans, the palace I just now mentioned, nor yet Hudson's lane, which I remember for the sake of Epsom court, that ancient Saxon seat (long since converted into a farm,) the mother and original of our subject.

Now all these bye-places are so separated from each other by fields, meadows, hedge-rows, plantations, orchards, and the like, that they seem to be so many distinct little villages uniting into one considerable town at the large street, in the middle of which stands the watch house (now a clock tower) several persons who have chosen this sweet place for their constant abode are distinguished from the rest by their habitations, as they are by their birth or fortunes; but the houses of the very townsmen are everywhere mighty neat, built most of them after the newest manner, and extremely convenient; being purposely contrived for the entertainment of strangers, and therefore beautified by their owners to the utmost of their ability.

The fronts are adorned throughout with rows of elm or lime trees, in many places artificially wreathed into verdant porticoes, cut into a variety of figures, and close enough wrought to defend those who sit under such hospitable shades from the injuries of the sun and rain.

Here sometimes breakfast and supper are taken; for these vegetable canopies in the very heat of the day yield a grateful and refreshing coolness by the fanning breezes they collect from the delicate air of the Downs. The

finest of them all is that which shades the paved terrace in the centre of the town, extending quite along before the chief tavern and coffee house (now the Albion Hotel.) By the conversation of those who walk there, you would fancy yourself to be this minute on the Exchange, and the next at St. James's; one while in an East India factory, and another while with the army in Flanders, or on board the fleet on the ocean; nor is there any profession, trade, or calling that you can miss of here, either for your instruction or your diversion. Behind the houses are handsome, though not large gardens, generally furnished with pretty walks, and planted with a variety of salads and fruit trees, which in several of them are left free for the lodgers; such as neglect their gardens find their error in the emptiness of their rooms.

Thus when you are on the top of the Downs it is one of the loveliest prospects imaginable to view in the vale below, such an agreeable mixture of trees and buildings, that a stranger is at a loss to know (as it has been observed of my beloved city of Leyden in Holland), whether it be a town in a wood, or a wood in a town. One thing is wanting,—and happy is the situation that wants no more; for in this place, notwithstanding the medicinal waters, and sufficient for domestic use of sweeter, are not to be heard the precipitant murmur of impetuous cascades.

There are no purling streams in our groves, to tempt the shrill notes of the warbling choristers, whose never ceasing concerts exceeds Bononcini and Corelli.

The woods are not frequented by the unhappy, that they may listen to the soft whispers of some gentle rivulet to beguile and mitigate their cares. The vallies are not

divided by the circling waves and sporting whirlpools of rapid rivers; neither are the flowery meads refreshed by gliding meanders, cool bubbling springs, or stagnant lakes. I leave you to guess whether in those periods, I design to show how well read I am in bombast romance, or rather to exhibit the various images under which water naturally delights us in the country.

Ewell an ancient market town within a short mile, has a most plentiful spring, the head of a crystal brook, capable, were it there, to furnish a thousand ornaments and conveniences.

And I am persuaded, from physical reasons, that the digging of a trench about four or five feet deep for a quarter of a mile, over Epsom Court Meadows—from the now uncertain springs in Church Street, would quickly produce a stream that in three-quarters of a mile further should fall in with the other, and give it the more dignified name of the Epsom River. But this present defect, for I augurate an approaching remedy, is amply recompensed by everything besides. The two rival bowling greens are not to be forgot, on which all the company by turns, after diverting themselves in the morning according to their different fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on Monday's; music playing most of the day, and dancing crowning sometimes the night.

The ladies, to show their innate inclination to variety, are constantly tripping from one green to the other, and the men are not more sure to follow them, than glad of the occasion to excuse their own no less propensity to change.

Here the British beauties, like so many animated stars,

shine in their brightest lustre, not half so much by their precious jewels and their costly apparel, as by the more pointed glories of their eyes. Here every old man wishes himself young again, and the heart of every youth is captivated at once, and divided between a thousand deserving charms.

A fairer circle was never seen at Baicæ or Cumœ of old, nor of late at Carlsbad or Aix la Chapelle, than is to be admired on the High Green and in the Longroom on a public day. If the German baths outnumber us in princesses, we outshine them in nymphs and goddesses, to whom their princes would be proud to pay adoration.

But not to dissemble anything; bountiful Nature has likewise provided us with other faces and shapes,—I may add, with another set of dress, speech, and behaviour (not to mention age), ordained to quench the cruel flames, or to damp the inordinate desire which the young, the handsome, and the accomplished, might unfeignedly kindle. So necessary is an antidote to love when the disease is so catching and so fatal. In the raffling shops are lost more hearts than guineas, though Cupid be no where so liberal as in England. And the greatest order that in such cases can be expected is preserved at the gaming tables of every kind, where it is very diverting for a stander by to observe the different humours and passions of both sexes, which discover themselves with less art and reserve at play than on any other occasion.

There you'll see a sparkish young fellow, of twenty five, sitting over against a blooming beauty of eighteen, but so intent on gain and dice, that he never exchanges a look or word with her.

The rude, the sullen, the noisy and the affected; the peevish, the covetous, the litigious and the sharpening; the proud, the prodigal, the impatient and the impertinent, become visible foils to the well-bred, prudent, modest and good humoured, in the eyes of all impartial beholders. Our doctors instead of prescribing the waters for the vapours or the spleen, order their patients to be assiduous at all public meetings, knowing that if they be not themselves of the number, they'll find abundant occupation to laugh at bankrupt fortune hunters, crazy, superannuated beaus, married coquets, intriguing prudes, richly dressed waiting maids and complimenting footmen. But being convinced, Madam, that you dislike a malicious insinuation as much as you approve an instructing hint, I abstain from all particular characters; sparing even those who spare none but themselves. From this account it is plain we are not in Heaven here, though we may justly be said to be in paradise, a place co-habited by innocence and guilt, by folly and fraud from the beginning.

The judicious Eudoxa will naturally conclude, that such a concourse of all ranks of people must needs fill the shops with most sorts of useful and substantial wares, as well as with finer goods, fancies and toys. The Taverns, Inns, and Coffee Houses answer the resort of the place, and I must do our Coffee Houses the justice to affirm, that for social virtue they are equalled by few and exceeded by none, though I wish they may be imitated by all. A Tory does not stare and leer when a Whig comes in, nor does a Whig look sour and whisper at the sight of a Tory; these distinctions are laid by with the winter suit at London, and a gayer, easier habit worn in the country.

Religion, that was designed to calm, does not ruffle mens tempers by irreligious wrangling; nor does our moderation appear, by rude invectives against persons we do not know, no more than our charity does consist in fixing odious characters on such as unwillingly dissent from us, But if at any time we must deal in extremes, then we prefer the quiet good natured Hypocrite to the implacable turbulent Zealot of any kind."

We are not surprised at this un-English approval of dishonesty on the part of Eudoxa's friend, being followed by the concluding sentence of this paragraph. "In plain terms, we are not so fond of any set of notions, as to think them more important than the peace of society."

We omit several pages of this letter just here, as not possessing so much interest—whoso desires to peruse it in full, can do so in Toland's "Itinerary."

But presently it proceeds—"You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house with the choicest fruits, herbs, roots and flowers, with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, with the rarest fish and venison, and with every kind of butcher's meat; among which Banstead down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains, or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like Queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors, where they hourly censure and are censured, and to observe, how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me the chief amusement of the place.

The Ladies' who are too lazy or too stately, but especially those that sit up late at play, have their provisions brought to their bedsides where they conclude the bargain; and then—perhaps after a dish of chocolate, take the other nap, till what they have thus bought is got ready for dinner. Yet these rounds of the Higglers, which I by no means would have abolished, are not incompatible with a daily market in the middle of the town, not only as a further entertainment for the ladies, who love occasions of coming together; but likewise because a greater choice of everything may be had there, and at all hours, than possibly can be at their doors. Nor would it be more advantageous to the meaner sort for cheapness, than convenient for the neighbouring gentry on many accounts.

The new fair, during the Easter Holidays, and that on the 24th of July, are as yet of little moment, though capable in time of being highly improved.

So much for the Town. Nor is my pleasure diminished by excursions out of it; for nowhere has nature indulged herself in grateful variety more than in this canton. The Old Wells at half a miles distance, which formerly used to be the meeting place in the forenoon, are not at present so much in vogue; the waters, they say, being found as good within the village, and all diversions in greater perfection.

The view from the fertile common in which they lie, is, as from every elevation hereabouts, wonderfully delightful; especially so distinct a prospect of London at so great a distance.

But the fortuitous cure of a leprous shepherd (an origin

attributed to these in common with other wells) appears even hence to be fabulous—that they have never since had a like effect; though, otherwise these aluminous waters are experienced to be beneficial in gently cleansing the body, and in cooling and purifying the blood; the salt that is chemically made of them being famous all over Europe. Yet, the cold bath lately erected on the bottom of this pretended miracle, meets with as little encouragement as the old story itself does with belief; it not being the fashion in this as in some other countries to have all salutiferous waters under the protection of a saint or the protection of a parson. The hunting of a pig there every Monday morning, when the *only* knack consists in catching and holding him by the tail (the author of this letter probably forgot that the greasing of his tail would render “the only knack” a very difficult one), is infinitely more becoming the boys who perform it, than the spectators who behold them.

As for a cold bath, Ewell would by much be the properest place, since, by reason of the spring, the water may not only be changed for every new comer, but a basin likewise made, adapted for swimming; which on such occasions was the practice of the ancients.

• But to shift our scenes. From the ring on the most eminent part of the Downs, where I have often counted above sixty coaches on a Sunday evening (thank God the world is improved since then), and whence the painter must take his view when he represents Epsom; you may distinctly see nine or ten counties, in whole or in part; besides the imperial city of London, very many considerable towns and an infinite number of country seats. You

also see the two Royal Palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court. Within a mile and a half is the place where the Palace of Nonsuch lately stood—a fit subject for those who are inclined to moralise on the frailty, uncertainty and vicissitude of all things.

The great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every evening and morning on horseback, and that range, either singly or in separate companies over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object. You can never miss of it on the fine grounds of the new orbicular race, which may well be termed a rural cirque. The four mile course over the Warren House to Carshalton, a village abounding in delicious springs, as much as we want them, seldom likewise fails to afford me this pleasure; having all the way in my eye, like some cynosure, the tufted trees of the old Roman fortifications,—Burrow, properly situated to crown the downs, and once, in my opinion, reigning over all the groves, I except not that of Durdans famous for love, or even Ashted Mount, the mansion of the Graces.

This I insert for your information, most noble Cheruscus! to whom, I am confident, Eudoxa will communicate this letter, since you have wisely resolved (as you do every thing), to purchase a summer retreat, cost what it will, somewhere in this neighbourhood. But whether you gently step over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcote seat, in whose long grove I oftenest converse with myself, or that you walk farther on to Ashted House and Park, the sweetest spot of ground in our British world; or ride still further to the enchanting prospect of Box Hill, that temple of nature, nowhere else

to be equalled for affording so surprising and magnificent an idea both of heaven and earth; whether you lose yourself in the aged yew groves of Mickleham, as the River Moledos hides itself in the swallows beneath; or that you had rather try your patience in angling for trout about Leatherhead; whether you go to some cricket match, and other prizes of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, or to follow a pack of hounds in the proper season; whether, I say, you delight in any or every one of these, Epsom is the place you must like above all others.

I, that love the country entirely, and to partake in some measure of most diversions (except gaming), have fixed my residence here, where I continue the whole summer, and frequently withdraw in winter.

Nor are these my only inducements, for as I prefer retirement to solitude and so would have it in my power to be alone or in company at pleasure, I could be nowhere better fitted. Besides, every body meeting his acquaintance on the Bowling Greens, in the Coffee Houses, or on the Downs; and few visiting others at their houses, unless particularly invited; or where friendship has made all things common. 'Tis otherwise amongst themselves with chance lodgers who come purely for diversion.

In two or three hours time I can be at London, whenever I will at my ease; and if I have no business in Town, I can receive all the public news as well, and almost as soon at Epsom; several stage coaches going and returning every day with town and country waggons, more than once a week, not to mention the ordinary post.

There are several very good seats in and about Epsom.

That of my Lord Guilford, called Durdans, at the extremity of the village, was built by the Earl of Barclay, out of the materials of Nonsuch, a royal palace in this neighbourhood built by Henry VIII., and given by King Charles II. to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down and sold the materials. This house of Durdans is built à la moderne of freestone; the front to the garden and that to the Downs is very noble; the apartments within are also very regular, and in the garden is the charmingest grove imaginable, and famous for the doings of Lord Grey, which you have read of. My Lord Baltimore's gardens are also fine; the house is old, but the chapel is the neatest little thing in the world. Mr. Wards on Clay Hill (Sir John Wards, now belonging to J. Levic, Esq., see description in gentlemen's seats), is a delicious palace. Sir James Bateman hath also a delicate seat at some miles distance: but what charmed me most of anything hereabouts is the river of Carshalton which environs Sir William Scawen's garden in a square, and is full of fish, and makes a pretty cascade in going out.

Within a mile of Epsom is Aysted, belonging to Mr. Fielding, brother to the Earl of Denbigh, which, for its situation, park and gardens, is inferior to nothing of its bigness that I have seen in England."

We here end Mr. John Toland's Epistle to Eudoxa, written nearly one hundred and thirty-six years ago, which of itself would place its writer on a very high niche in the temple of fame, had he not by other victories over the commonplace, proved himself one of the most graphic writers of his own age, and fully equal to any in ours, for vigour of style as well as correctness of letter painting.

CHAPTER III.

“ We all like forest trees do stand,
 And some are doomed to fall ;
 The axe must smite at God’s command
 And soon shall smite us all.”



EPSOM
 Parish Church,
 it is true, forms
 the wood-cut in
 the commence-
 ment of this
 chapter, but
 when we treat
 of the Chur-
 ches of Epsom
 and their Mon-
 uments, — we
 mean to men-
 tion those of
 all denomina-
 tions of Bible

Christians—reminded of the traveller’s story who stated that two friends once stood beneath the branches of a tree, one on either side. The leaves of this tree were green on the

upper surface, and silvery-white beneath. The wind blew so, that on one side the upper, on the other the under portion was seen. One of the friends, therefore, contended they were white; the other green; and it was only when a third party explained the cause of their mistakes—their different points of view—that the discussion ceased.

The Living of Epsom belonged as well as the Manor to the Abbey of Chertsey in ancient times. This living was appropriated fully in King Edward II. reign, about A.D. 1320, though the sanction of the Pope was obtained for this measure A.D. 1276, in the third year of the reign of King Edward I. The first Rector was Abbot Rutherwyke, who, in 1331, settled an endowment on his Vicar. The rectory has since then been in the possession of the Lords of the Manor. It now belongs to the family of Speer.

The Registers, which have been accurately kept, commence their entries in 1695, the reign of the House of Orange. The vicars since the commencement of this century have been Jonathan Boucher, A.M., Fleetwood Parkhurst, and Benjamin Bradney Bockett, M.A., who was instituted in September 1839.

In Domesday-Book, we have mention of two churches, and it is mentioned that the Bishop Pontisarra granted, in A.D. 1285, all oblations arising from the vicarage for five years, to Roger de Grava, to cover his charges in building a new chancel. This second church, however, now exists only in history.

The Church dedicated to St. Martin, the tower of which yet survives, and on the site of which the renewed structure stands, (itself called St. Martin's) was taken down in the year 1824 (with the exception of the said tower,

which is still in existence, surmounted by an extraordinary spire, covered with shingle over a wooden frame) in consequence of its ruinous condition, and a Gothic structure raised instead during the wardenship of Henry Gosse, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Butcher. It was endeavoured to preserve the style of the old building as much as possible though the area has been extended. A full description of the architectural details is given in Brayley's History of Surrey, which those, curious in such matters may consult.

The interior of the Church is decidedly handsome, and strikes one as, perhaps, the most comfortable and suitable building for public worship that could be contrived.—While holding 1,200 persons, the voice of the officiating minister reaches every part.

The great East Window is well worthy of examination; it was executed in stained glass by Mr. Willement, heraldic painter to King George IV., and proves that this art is even now in a state of high perfection. The parishioners are justly proud of this noble ornament of their church. The compartment central has a full length figure of the Saviour, after Leonardo de Vinci, that on the right the armorial bearings of the King, and on the left the arms of Bishop Tomline, then holding the see of Winchester.

There is a very ancient octagonal Font near the entrance door; and a very beautiful toned organ (by Walker), which is done full justice to by Mr. J. Saville Stone, the present organist, in aid of an effective choir of gentlemen and ladies.

The present Churchwardens are Mr. C. J. Langlands, and Mr. Thomas Whitburn, jun., whose efficient tenure of

their office is best proved by the fact that they have been unanimously elected to serve, the one a second time, and Mr. Langlands a fourth time. The clerk is Mr. William Furniss—and “Old Mortality” is represented by W. Joliffe, who has been a resident in the Parish of Epsom seventy-five years

The Monuments in this Church and the Graveyard records, present many objects of intense interest. In the Chancel are eight mural tablets.—One to the memory of Mrs. Jane Rowe is peculiarly beautiful; on a ground of grey marble, an urn lies wreathed, on a pedestal supported by two exquisitely sculptured female figures, one bears the Bible, and a cross, the page open has this lovely promise: “The hope of the righteous shall be gladness.” In the hand of the other is a pelican, which is a happy conception, if thus it is designed to place the crest of the family of the silent dead as part of the tableau, instead of the ostentatious position which is usually chosen.

Another is surmounted by a very characteristic bust, and is sacred to the memory of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, M.A., nineteen years vicar of the parish; born 1738, died 1840.

The Rev. Jonathan Boucher, M.A., was born in Cumberland, March 12th, 1738, and at the age of sixteen he went to America, and having entered the ministry he became rector of a parish in Virginia. He then returned to England, obtained episcopal ordination, and held various cures in Maryland. He quitted America on the breaking out of hostilities with the mother country in 1775, and at that time published the discourses which he had preached under the head of “A view of the causes and consequences

of the American Revolution." He determinately continued to pray for the King, much to the annoyance of the Revolutionary party. His own words on the subject are as follows:—"Unless I am to forbear praying for the King, I have been noticed that I am to pray no longer.—No intimation could be more distressing to me, but I do not require a moments hesitation, distressing as the dilemma is. Entertaining a respect for my ordination vow, I am firm in my resolution, whilst I pray in public at all, to conform to the unmutilated liturgy of my church, and reverencing the injunctions of the Apostle—"I will pray for the King and all who are in authority under him. As long as I live, Yea! whilst I have my being, I will, with Zadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet, proclaim God save the King." The above will show how determined a mind was that of Jonathan Boucher. The sculpture on his tomb is a faithful likeness of such a man. He was elected F.S.A., an honorary member of the Edinburgh Society of Antiquaries, and a member of the Stirling Literary Society, while you will find this honorable mention of him, after his decease, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1840:—"In recording the death of a person eminent for learning, we announce a loss which only impoverishes the public stock of learning, and affects a merely circumscribed class. But, in recording the death of a man whose benevolence and piety were unceasingly employed in their best duties, we announce a loss which can only be repaired by the exertions of those who, profiting by Mr. Boucher's example, may imitate his conduct." Mr. Boucher was presented to Epsom in 1784,

and held it until his death. Several works of merit proceeded from his pen.

Flaxman's hand has been at work on these walls, illustrating the sorrows of the family of John Henry Warre, Esq., and his wife, in the removal of their parents to another sphere.

And also the same artist has sculptured, to the memory of John Braithwaite, Esq., a whole figure of a woman in full relief, her right arm resting on a pillar, very pretty in itself but spoiled by a perfectly unmeaning, I.H.S. surmounted by the cross and encircled by a wreath of stars.

One of the prettiest monuments of the whole as well as most interesting on account of the good man whose memory it recalls, is one also by Flaxman—A simple tablet with an exquisitely sculptured whole length figure, on either side: one, of a woman, her hands clasped and a hood over her head, the other representing Hope, an anchor, as usual, in her right hand.

The inscription I will give in full.

“Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Parkhurst, M.A., of this parish, and descended from the Parkhursts of Catesby in Northamptonshire. His life was distinguished not by any honours in the Church, but by deep and laborious researches into the treasures of Divine learning; the fruits of which are preserved in two invaluable Lexicons, in which the original text of the Old and New Testament is interpreted with extraordinary light and truth. Reader! if thou art thankful to God that such a man lived, pray for the Christian world that neither the pride of false learning, nor the growth of unbelief may so far prevail, as to render his pious labours in any degree ineffectual. He lived in Christian Charity, and departed in faith and hope on the 21st day of February, MDCCXCVII, in the 69th year of his age.

There is a production of Chantreys which is well done, but not pleasing, of a female figure, with a child, looking half strangled, in her arms, and she herself looks as if she laterally had a large slice taken from her body. This monument is in memory of Susan wife of John Ashley Warre, Esq., and his infant child.

A pretty idea, badly executed, of a lily snapped from its stem, is attached to the monument of Miss Eleanor Belfield, aged fifteen. It is against the east side of the nave, to the south of the chancel. It reminds me however of that beautiful little story—when a gentleman's gardener had lost his only child, and wept sore till his heart was ready to burst, peace seemed denied him, until his master determined to try and heal his torn heart. He marked him tending a beautiful flower with jealous care, watching its unfolding beauties, and glorying in its promised charms. Secretly he plucked it from its stem, and placed it in a vase on his breakfast board. The gardener missed it, and broke out into impatience. His kind master led him to the table and pointed to the gathered floweret and said, "It was required for thy master's use." The man understood the emblem, and from the broken flower learned submission to His Heavenly Master's will. If a mourner passes here let him learn too.

Adjoining this is a tablet bearing this inscription—

"Near this place are deposited the remains of William Haygarth, Esquire, A.M., eldest son of John Haygarth, M.D., and formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, deeply skilled in the learning and antiquities of Greece and Italy, and adorned by all their arts, but still more highly distinguished by the genuine simplicity and solid worth of his moral character, terminated a life devoted to literature, and to every domestic and social virtue, by a death of

piety and resignation, on the 26th September, 1825, aged 41 years.—His sorrowing widow inscribes to his memory this record of gratitude and affection.”

There is a fine old monument, erected to the memory of Richard Evelyn, Esq., of Woodcote, where the family of the Evelyns long resided and where the author of *Sylva* often visited. In the account of Woodcote which we give, there is a mention made of a letter from Evelyn (John) after he followed the remains of a friend to Epsom Churchyard. As everything connected with this very popular writer will possess an interest, we will record the Epitaph of his brother. It is as follows:—

M.S.

“Juxta hic sita sunt ossa Richardi Evelyn Armigeri filii tertii Rich Evelyn de Wooten, in comitat Surice Armigr et Eleanore uxoris ejus, Filice Johan Stanfield, de Lewes, in Com Southsexie, Armig Duxit in uxorem Elizabetham filiam primo genit Georgii Mynne de Woodcot in Ebisham in Com Surr Armg et Anne uxoris ejus, filice Rob^{ti} Parkhurst, de Pirford in Com Surr, Milit. Munifice primum Dotatam Ampliori de in Hereditate Auctam. Quatuor suis filiis Mynne, Georgio, Richardo et Edwardo cunabulis Ademptis Annam filiam unicam reliquit superstitem nuptam Gulielmo Mountagu, e Familia Montecutorum. Calculo diu Laboraverat et accutissimis per biennui illius doloribus attritus, Obiit 7^o Die Martii, Anno ætatis Suæ 48^o et salutis Nostræ 1669^o Mæsta Conjux Marito Optimo Posuit.”

In the north aisle there is a tablet of dark marble, bearing the arms of Coke and Berkeley, with a fine Latin inscription as follows:—

“Hic deponuntur exuvie Roberti Coke, equitis aurati, cum lectissima conjuge Theophila. Ille Dom Edwardi Coke judicis juris consultissimi hæres, vir prudens et integerrimus, Angliæ leges quas pater commentariis, vitâ suâ illustravit. Nec lætis inflatus, nec fractus adversis, pius in Deum, largus in pauperes,

bonus in omnes. Illa ex antiqua familia de Berkeley, soror unica Georgii, Baronis Berkeley, generis splendorem virtutibus, sexum eruditione seipsam patientia superavit. Quorum summæ felicitate nil defuit præter prolem magno sanè patriæ detrimento cum tantarum virtutum hærede sit destituta; uterque sibi, neuter suis, satis vixit. Illa obiit anno D'ni MDCXLIII ætatis XLVII die Aprilis XXII. Ille obiit ano D'ni MDCLIII ætatis LXVII die Julii XIX. Georgius Berkeley mæstissimus nepos avunculis meritissimus paterni in eum affectus œmylis, tam gratitudinis suæ exprimendæ quam eorum perpetuandæ memoriæ, hoc monumentum posuit.

There is a monument of considerable interest and some antiquity, which is generally overlooked by strangers and has received no mention in any chronicle which we have met. It is situated on the wall of the staircase leading to the north gallery. The sculpture is most elaborate, and symetrical. This monument is sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn, of Woodcote, and has the following inscription:—

M.S.

Elizabethæ Evelyn, Relictæ Richardi Evelyn.
De Woodcott Armigeri, Ex stemmati Mynniano.
Oriundæ fæminæ tam pietate quam hospitalitate
Celeberima. De Ebbisham et de Horton
Dominæ Consanguineæ meritissimæ
Carolus Calvert Baro de Baltimore posuit,
Obiit Anno Christi MDCLXXXVI.

Ætatis LXIII. Mensis Jan. XXIX.

Near the entrance to the Vestry is a white marble slab, with an inscription detailing at considerable length, the record of the benefactions of Elizabeth Culling, widow of William Culling, Esq., who died on the 30th June, 1790. This is certainly a very practical mode of perpetuating the memory of the dead; and we trust it may have been the

lot of her gifts, to make "the blessing of him that was ready to perish to come upon her, and to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The churchyard is capable of great improvement, lies well amidst surrounding groves, and were a little care and taste displayed, would rarely be exceeded as a very pretty cemetery, but alas! there is not a churchyard in the kingdom worse kept and tended. There is little of interest in the way of the antique or the curious here.

Among the memorials of the silent dead, however, is a quaint and merry description which would make even a ghost smile, did he come suddenly upon it, it is as follows.

"Here lieth the carcase
Of honest Charles Parkhurst
Who ne'er could dance or sing,
But always was true to
His Sovereign Lord the King
Charles the First."

Ob. Dec. xx, MDCCIV. ætat. LXXXVI.

There is a handsome tomb surrounded by a massive railing, on the sides of which are inserted shields of pure white marble. This is the family vault of the Northey family; here are placed the remains, as the inscriptions detail, of Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General of England, in the reigns of William the Third, Queen Anne and George the First. Also of his son Edward, who died, A.D. 1738, and resided at Woodcote Green; which has at times been honoured by the visits of various members of the Royal Family. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

There is a very handsome tomb built of white marble throughout, a material which is very unusual in the building of solid square tomb-heads, in open ground. This

monument keeps in a good state of preservation, and is sacred to the memory of Martin Wright, Esq., who died A.D. 1783, aged fifty-seven. We know not of any peculiar interest attached to his name.

Close by, lie the remains of Mary Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Jonathan Boucher, who is buried with her own relatives. She died A.D. 1788, aged fifty-one.

Alas ! what conclusion must we come to, but that here is set forth the common lot of man ? The proud and the haughty, as well as the simple and the poor lie commingled. Once their hearts beat high, and their limbs elastic trod with high tread, or busily reared monuments that have survived them—now they are busy crumbling into dust. And thus it is with grandeur, thus it is with beauty ; a little while, and then of all the loveliness and grace, with which perhaps some have made such wild-work in the world, there will remain nothing more savoury, than there did of the lost beauty of Woodstock, whose epitaph ran thus—

"Hic jacet in tumba Rosa Munda

Non redolet, sed olet quæ redolere solet."

In the Parish Church, Baptism is freely administered on the second Sunday of the month, and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday and the usual festivals. Marriages are celebrated on all days between the hours of eight and twelve o'clock.

As doubtless is the case in almost every parish, there are many curious stories told of bewildered bridegrooms and uncertain brides, for most of which, I suppose we generally refer you to the clerk ; as for burial incidents, to "Old Mortality" ; by the way, the latter's father, to whose

patrimony of woe he succeeded, died over ninety years of age, having deposited the bodies of the dead for seventy years, to their entire satisfaction.

Sometimes the marriage is by licence, sometimes by banns. The betrothed pair generally come together to "put in" their important challenges to any man that knows anything against the matter to tell it forth.

Such a case as the following has positively happened.— A happy pair arrived at Mr. — house; and the man having put the fee into the woman's hand, drew softly behind her, blushing like a peony, telling her to acquaint the functionary with the particulars. Without hesitation she gave her own name, looking unutterable innocence, when she was asked if she was a Spinster? "She should think she was." What is the gentleman's name? (at weddings, the gentle reader must know all are gentlemen and ladies'). The lady does not know it, and has to apply to him for the necessary information, perhaps, because she never thought of calling him anything but Bill or Jack, or perhaps, because their acquaintance was very, very short.

I heard once of a case in which two strangers were seen to accost one another in the street, and five minutes afterwards they came to "put up their banns." On being asked the gentleman's name, the lady frankly acknowledged that as she had only just met him she really did not know it, but they liked one another.

A race for a wedding lately took place in which, as in passing the clock, the parties found they were very close to time—the bride and bridesmaids girded their zones after the fashion of the huntress Diana, and literally "ran for it" nearly a mile, and just arrived breathless and

terrified, in bare time for the ceremony to commence. One case occurred in which the bridegroom of yesterday, pale and sad, came to the clerk to offer double fees to get unmarried again.

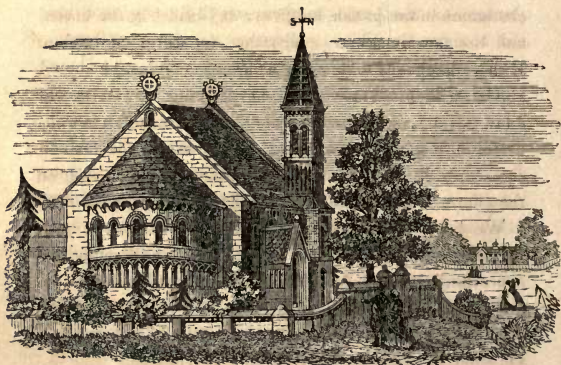
A hundred such cases could be cited, to show that the marriage road is not always smooth, and to prove the adage "marry in haste and repent at leisure," is not always a mere Proverb, but an inference supported from the treasured chronicles of a parish clerk's experience. This functionary is himself generally one of the most Protean characters in the parish, he gives away brides by the dozen, and becomes imaginary god-father to scores of infants. If there happened to be suits in various counties, he should appear in them all as witness to everything, signatures and John (his + mark) Browns in abundance. Indeed it is wonderful how great a number of marks appear, instead of signatures, in this comparatively enlightened age, despite the efforts of Lord John Russell and the Hon. Wm. Cooper.

We have said the registers of the parish have been carefully kept since the year 1695; the necessary enquiries concerning this fact, have drawn forth these incidents.

There is a fine chime of Bells in the old Tower, which on festival occasions are made ring forth their merry peal. On some of these there are curious inscriptions.

The Almshouses, which were built by Mr John Livingstone, on half an acre of land given by the parish, were situated in East Street, opposite Mr. Morse's nursery grounds, and served for the shelter of twelve poor widows. They were placed under the direction and control of the Vicar for the time being, the Church-wardens and the Overseers of the poor; but now alas! they are no more.

Having become uninhabitable, they were lately pulled down, and although the Treasury is open for offerings toward their re-erection, a sufficient response has not been given; and therefore they are still unrestored. It surely becomes this age when far greater wealth abounds, to be at least as benevolent as a less wealthy epoch, when Epsom readily found means to build what now claims to be restored.



CHRIST CHURCH.

Christ Church, which is used as a Chapel of Ease to the Parish church, and was erected in 1843, after designs by William McIntosh Brooks, Esq., architect, of London, is a rather pretty structure, intended for the convenience of the working classes of its vicinity, whose abodes have rapidly sprung up in the locality of the common.

It being felt that an increase of accommodation was necessary, the Vicar gained permission of the Bishop for such an erection, and having collected the requisite funds by contributions from his friends and richer parishioners, was happily enabled to obtain sufficient for the purpose. This Church is well filled by an attentive congregation in the morning and afternoon at three o'clock, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is duly administered.

A small beginning has been obtained towards the endowment; the Vicar has to contribute the remainder of the maintenance of this ministry. It is much to be wished that this burden might be lightened by the completion of the fund as originally proposed.

The site was freely given by J. I. Briscoe, Esq., the Lord of the Manor. Towards the subscription of the building fund a sum of 300*l.* was given by the Church Building and the Diocesan Church Building Societies, on condition of the Church being wholly free to the poor. Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, the Bishop of Winchester, the Earl of Egmont, Mrs. Pugh, the Vicar, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, H. Sperling Esq., of Norbury Park, W. J. Denison, Esq., M.P., and John Trotter, Esq., M.P., the late members for Surrey, and others, contributed to the building or endowment funds. All the sittings are free and unappropriated, and the patronage is vested in the Incumbent of Epsom.

The Parish of Epsom is divided into districts, which are now regularly visited, once a fortnight, as regards the working classes, by the ladies of the Epsom District Visiting Society. This admirable institution is already showing the fruit of its labours.

Several other Institutions and Clothing Clubs in full working order tend much to ameliorate both the temporal, and under God, the spiritual welfare of the poorer classes.

There are National Schools supported by voluntary subscriptions, and an Infant School on Clay Hill, founded by Miss Trotter.

The "Old Chapel" in Church Street is now in the occupation of the Independents. The minister is the Rev. Thomas Lee. This building is a neat structure in the centre of a cemetery sacred to the dead.

It is stated that the good old Doctor Watts, whose name causes a thrill of pleasure in the hearts of Christians of all communions, as they recall the sweet strains in which he has called them to the praise of the Most High, occasionally was accustomed to preach here, while on a visit to a friend at Epsom. It is more than probable that his harp gained many a precious tone from the witchery of the Creator's works among Epsom groves and woodlands. And perchance many a song of this sweet modern psalmist was composed amid our walks and glades, which has served to cheer the pilgrim's way to a happier land.

There is a School House attached, connected with the British and Foreign School Society.

The Rev. Doctor Harris was for some time minister of this Chapel. His name will be more familiar when we speak of him as the author of "Mammon," a book which attained immense circulation. The mind that conceived that remarkable production was one which dwelt very closely with heavenly things; and though the other and larger works which fell from his pen were not equally successful, Epsom and the Independent connection are justly proud of reckoning Doctor Harris among their distinguished literary men.

There is another Chapel off High Street occupied by the Wesleyan Methodists, a small building of red brick, which holds about 120 persons. The services are conducted by the ministers and lay preachers of the Croydon circuit, of which Epsom forms a part. The pulpit is also occasionally supplied by students from the Wesleyan College, Richmond. The services are held on Sunday and Tuesday evenings at the usual hours. In connection with this Chapel is a Sabbath School, whose average attendance is seventy.

A third Chapel exists in East Street whose connection profess pure Calvinistic doctrines. Rev. Mr. Irons, of London, used occasionally to preach here.

And yet a fourth—a wooden structure for the Congregationalists, has been erected on Church Parade, whose symbol is “Temporary Protestant Evangelical Chapel;” Minister, Rev. William Elliott. There is also a Sunday School connected to this place of worship in which are instructed upwards of seventy children.

We only hope that this phalanx, varied as is its uniform, will present a united front to the great enemy of souls, and eventually meet in that happy land where there is but “one flock and one shepherd, Jesus Christ the Lord.”

The Union Workhouse, situate in the Dorking Road, is a building in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and presents an appearance rather superior to most buildings of this class. It has a large Board Room where the Guardians of the Poor meet every Wednesday for the transaction of business.

The Grounds are closely cultivated by the hands of the paupers themselves, and present a very neat and rich

appearance when clothed with crops of various kinds suitable to the consumption of the House. At the rear there is a garden, in which is a Cottage Sanitarium, to which persons suffering from infectious disease are immediately removed, thus preventing the spread of infection among the other inmates—an example which it will be well to follow in other unions. There is a very plain but well-constructed Chapel where service is regularly performed by the Rev. Barrington Taylor, chaplain. The Master, Mr. Nicholas Cuming, and the Matron, Mrs. Cuming, seem most efficient.

A visit to the House would prove most interesting on account of the perfection of the arrangements and the care with which their details are worked out. Cleanliness and order pervade the whole; and the kindness of the officers is fully proved by the evident cheerfulness and contentment of the inmates. Useful trades are taught; the schools under good management, and the infants comfort promoted. Everything is done, in fact, to lighten the sorrows of those forlorn ones, as well as to render them useful members of the community. The drainage has been rendered quite complete under the directions of the Local Board of Health.

ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE.

PATRON:—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



HIS is an Institution founded by the Medical Profession as an asylum for those of their brethren, who now unhappily from ill-health, want of professional success, or other ad-

verse circumstances, have fallen into poverty; and for widows of medical men requiring such assistance; pension, 15*l* per annum. There is connected a School or College, part gratuitous for the orphans of medical men; general charge, 40*l*. for board and education. This Institution was opened on 25th of June, 1855, by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Chapel was opened by the Bishop of Winchester, 1857.

The proposed design is to accommodate one hundred pensioners, only twenty at this date have been admitted. The School is so far completed as to admit 150 boys—the design is for 200—the sons of qualified medical men; forty of whom, the Foundation Scholars, will be maintained, clothed, and educated, at the expense of the institution.

Donors of ten guineas are life governors; and subscribers of one guinea annually, governors.

The Members of the Council are as follows :—

THE PRESIDENT.

THE TREASURER.

James Bird, Esq., M.D.
John Birkett, Esq.
Henry Blenkarne, Esq.
William Carr, Esq.
Wm. Cholmely, Esq., M.D.
Wm. D. Chowne, Esq., M.D.
T. B. Curling, Esq., F.R.S.
Geo. Thos. Dale, Esq.
Richard D. Edgcumbe, Esq.
George Fincham, Esq.
John F. France, Esq.
Henry Hancock, Esq.
Edward Headland, Esq.
Francis Hird, Esq.
Charles Hogg, Esq., L.R.C.P.E.

George C. Johnson, Esq., L.R.C.P.E.
John Henry Lance, Esq.
Charles F. J. Lord, Esq.
Major Moore, F.R.S., F.S.A.
Sir Thomas Phillips
Rev. George Pockock, L.L.B.
Richard Quain, Esq., F.R.S.
Edward Ray, Esq.
G. M. Robinson, Esq.
John Sirus Smith, Esq.,
J. G. Sparke, Esq., M.D.
Henry Sterry, Esq.
T. Harrington Tuke, Esq., M.D.
Joseph Ward, Esq. (Epsom)
Francis Webb, Esq.

Secretary :—ROBERT FREEMAN, ESQ.

The Head Master of the School Department is Rev. R. Thornton, D.D., late Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Oxford.

The Head Master of the Lower School is Rev. F. R. Pentreath, B.A., Scholar of Worcester College, Oxford.

This Institution when completed will form a very imposing addition to the neighbourhood of Epsom, its architectural design being of a very high order. It has been built within the bounds of Epsom Parish, and is a conspicuous object from every point around; an honour to its founders, and worthy of the very largest support.

With this we close our account of the Churches and Charitable Institutions of Epsom. The teaching of the one is best exemplified in the fruits the others yield. If “pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father be this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction,” happy are we to have such proofs around of Christian charity and love.

CHAPTER IV.

"Great marvelous and strange!
The Rich forget their gout,
The Poor their colic,
The Lame leap as the Roe!
Pitch physic to the dogs, we'll none of it again!
'Tis simply now,—water within
Water without and it is done!"

Soliloquy at a Medicinal Spring.



WHAT is a Hand-book without its grand point of attraction? and what is a Hand-book of Epsom without an account of its Wells—its Miraculous Springs? It will certainly be allowed that the primary cause of Epsom's popularity, in the olden time, was the discovery of its Mineral Waters.

But our object is not to puff our Wells, and thus to seek a fount of future greatness—telling how the "Dame Durden" of the present time got entirely cured of her paralysis, or Gaffer Tomkins of his red nose, or Lawyer Cheatum of his tendency to lie behind men's backs to promote his lawsuits, and set his dear clients by the ears, or do several things which are perfectly lawful for a Lawyer. Dame Durden

may have lost her ailments, because they ceased to gain the sympathy of the pale curate—Gaffer became rather more pale faced probably because he had nothing but water to drink, and Lawyer Cheatum foreswore lies and cheating perhaps because first nobody would now believe him, or secondly nobody employ him.

Our object is to state what Epsom Wells were—to ask why they are not now what they were then—and to examine what they are now?

We would feel greatly interested indeed in the Wells becoming again popular, through a certain honest pride, which the inhabitants of any town would feel in its taking a rank in the van, and to see that progress arising from a source of influence existing in itself and peculiarly its own. But our chief reason for mention of the waters of Epsom is to promote enquiry, as to what we believe to be a fact, that they have still a healing power, being both of an abstersive and purgatory, as well as tonic nature. If ours be a puff, it is for a fact we believe in, and for a town whose neighbourhood, at least, we admire. And if this be a puff, it seems only according to a natural instinct of Englishmen, to do the world good by pointing to their nation as perfect, and asking it to adopt England's laws and its beneficial institutions.

It may be something like the story we heard of an enthusiastic as well as keen agent of Insurance, who thus mingled common sense and business together. As an English Nobleman of daring and eccentric habits, was travelling through the Pyrenees, he was observed by an Insurance agent (out on his holiday) climbing a high mountain peak, where many persons had already broken

their necks. He hastened after the climber and reached him just as he was resting for a little, before attempting the most perilous part of the ascent. You cannot deny Sir, the Agent exclaimed, that in what you are about to do you are running the greatest risk; and under such circumstances, it becomes most desirable to have ones life insured. I am Agent to the —— Insurance Company, which insures in cases of accidental or sudden death. I have paper, pen, ink, and blank cheques with me; if you will be so good as to draw for the money and sign the policy, you will do well for your family. The enterprising traveller saw the reasonableness of the proposal and signed his name without further question.

Whether he broke his neck or came down safely, our informant does not say.

But if there seem interest, in an inhabitant of Epsom trying to lure to its fine air; is there not also reason in his proposal that a fresh trial be given to its waters? They certainly will be found to have a certain power, a remarkable effect; and if so, why stuff down Physic and Apothecaries stuff in quantities, and refuse to try our leading Doctor Nature's prescriptions! She has graduated in a school that few can attain. She has studied with the most accurate diagnostics the peculiarities of the human frame, and best knows, "how fearfully and wonderfully we are made;" and She can supply healing powers with the most unerring hand: while man and his uncertain knowledge belong but to a pigmy world.

We found it no easy task to trace out, for certain, the discoverer of the healing qualities of Epsom Wells. The same difficulty will be found as regards all the mineral

springs of repute in the world. And this arises, not from there being no story regarding their discovery, but from there being a perfect babel of lies respecting each from which it is difficult to draw the foundation truth.

It is more than probable, that in most cases the real discoverer has kept his incognito. Many benefactors of mankind have a delicacy in declaring themselves, lest they should be overwhelmed by the caresses of an adoring public. Alas! did they know life, they would dread no such outpourings of gratitude.

They are sometimes like those Authors, whose retiring character gets the praise of their names being withheld from the public. If the book be a success however, will the name be on the second edition I wonder? No! it is false pride and a fear of criticism that keeps back authors names too frequently. The Author who knows his own powers, and properly estimates those of idle critics, who can criticise but can't write, and who are content to go down to their graves "rotten boughs," useless to society, and burdensome to themselves, will generally be found, if a contemptuous, at least an honest and fearless man.

In the case of Epsom Wells, I believe however, that the gentleman who discovered the Wells was both a critic, and for a good reason withheld his open declarations on the matter of the waters.

The reason the discoverer of the Mineral Springs did not declare himself, was because he could not speak. His father and grandfather were both unable to speak; and though of a very "old family" his ancestors were through all generations dumb, with the exception of one, who very long ago opened his mouth under severe provocation, and then relapsed into silence, and spoke no more.

The property of "the Wells" was discovered by a donkey, and certainly if the sick will not profit by his discovery—he seems to have been but an "Ass for his pains."

A donkey discovered the Springs qualities in 1618, when his master, Henry Wicker, drove him with other denizens of the farm yard to drink. He first, ran to the waters, turned up his nose and retired, the cows followed and refused to drink, at which Wicker "did amaze" as the old story expresses itself. An enquiry was set on foot and the water was found to be of an aluminous character. It was afterwards proved, as it is now readily found, of a purgative nature.

Toland states that "since it hath been inwardly taken, diseases have met with their cure." Fuller states that "it runs through some veins of Alum and was, at first used for the healing of sores" and that simple wounds have been perfectly, soundly and suddenly cured, by the application of this water, it being of an abstersive quality." Aubrey says that he tried several experiments with it in 1654, and that a gallon yielded a sediment of a substance like snow flakes. There are indeed lots of books and treatises in which there is mention of the powers of the Epsom Spa.

About the year 1619, the place was visited by some Physicians, who analysed the water and reported it to partake largely of a calcareous nitre or soluble bitter cathartic salt.

I used it myself lately, with perfect effect in a case which might otherwise have been treated probably at the expense of a pretty fee, and a slight bill for medicincs.

I should have received most likely the usual stereotyped directions—"keep the feet warm, the head cool, the mind quiet; these pills are to be taken every two hours, to the almost utter ignoring of sleep, and this draught on waking from a slumber which could only be a very doubtful one under the two hour regime in the morning, and then through the day this cooling medicine may be given, well shaken every other hour." I preferred trying the Wells.

The state of the patient on beginning was this—spirits down to zero—blood up to boiling heat; he felt in for a fever or ague, with a decided touch of liver, pains rioted through every limb, stomach seriously out of order. A bad case certainly, but he drank the waters for six mornings at eight o'clock fasting, and got perfectly rid of fever, liver complaint and pains, while the stomach rebellion was summarily quelled.

Commend me to the Wells—I am a wiser and better man since, and fully ready to join in the soliloquy at the head of the chapter.

Now I deem Doctors necessary evils, yet necessary men. Why will they however refuse to admit nature into their councils, and their labours would be more Godlike? Why should not they and nature go into partnership together, instead of tearing out each others eyes, at opposite sides of the system. Death would not then get the vast practice he does, through Nature and the Doctors quarrelling, instead of minding their business together.

A word of analogy—two tradesmen bitterly opposed each other at different sides of the way. One sold bread of American flour, as the "only thing": the other that

made from wheat of European growth. The whole town was divided as to the merits of the two, the whole town were different in their breakfast loaf; this might be of course very profitable for the townspeople. But alas! while the Bakers fought, another "son of the dusty jacket" set up shop by himself, selling both kinds of flour mixed in his bread, while for such as wished it he had each alone. His bread was good and cheap; his placidity charming, and the peace that reigned around his counter most attractive. He soon obtained a large custom, which the combatants lost.

Thus Death is growing rich while Nature and the Doctors differ.

I had once a very eccentric, but a very sensible friend. He paid his Doctor so much a month as long as he was well, but when he got sick, the salary ceased. He paid his Physician a visit every morning at eight o'clock, walking two miles there and 2 miles back, just to know what he might have for dinner, and was as you may suppose rarely ill.

Eastern Monarchs, I have heard, are weighed once a year by responsible commissioners, to test the Court Physicians skill. If they keep up their condition, the Doctor is handsomely rewarded: but if the balances turn against them, then the poor disciple of Escalapius is neatly decapitated, and another takes up the monarch at his present market weight. Fair enough, though it would be well to choose a kingdom slenderly governed, if a Physician should feel his ambition so insatiable as to force him to apply for court favour.

About the year 1621—the Wells were enclosed and a

shed erected for the sick, who came, the blind, the halt and the maimed, in great numbers. Even to the countries of the continent, did the tidings swell; and many high and noble joined the pursuit of health to their examination of the wondrous constitution of the land of liberty.

About 1690, the arrangements for visitors were carried out with energy and skill, under the encouragement at least, of Mrs. Mynn and Mr Lucknor, and completed under the lordship of John Parkhurst, Esq.

Mr. Toland's letter in the former part of this work to Eudoxa, gives so graphic a description of the accessories of the Wells, during Queen Anne's reign, that it were waste of space to dwell further on them. It is well known that Prince George of Denmark the Consort of Queen Anne, was a frequent visitor to the Wells, and he doubtless drew a large court with him.

A Jesuitical sort of clever rogue called Levingstone, the type of many a living antitype in this present day,—an apothecary, left his "aligator and piles of empty pill boxes," and sought these "diggings," where he succeeded pretty well by lies and roguery in establishing a doubtful reputation. He announced a new spring in the town, and the fact becoming incontrovertibly established, on false premises, he succeeded like many rogues until he was found out. Well suborned witnesses of cures—regular gentlemen *cured of* ulcerated sores of enormous standing—analytical investigations by imaginary professors, formed his chief capital. He called his establishment the New Wells, gave concerts and balls, and on account of the multitude of novelties which he introduced, and the cleverness of his accomplices behind the scenes, succeeded to a great extent

in drawing away the visitors to the "real thing." The waters sent to respectable chymists for their analysis, were compounded according to what men desired they should have, rather than were they the real produce of the Wells—explosions were well managed, purporting to be escapes of the gas which these remarkable waters were said to contain. He took care that his waters should have both a dingy look and a nasty taste, and the public were effectually gulled.

A certain Mrs. Deborah Giles, on "Chalibeate Wells," speaks thus, and it beautifully illustrates, by a shrewd but illiterate countrywomans judgement on such matters, Mr. John Levingstone's probable mode of making his wells. These are her very words—"Killibit Well, d'wont tell I nothing about your Killibit Wells, for its all a pack of nonsense. A nasty taste has it? ah! its loikely to be nasty; d'wont I know? Tinker's jackass was a coming whom, years ago, with a load of salt, and dropped down dead there; that he did; and they buried him salt and all. Nasty! why of course its nasty; well it may be. Jackass and salt be at the bottom of it, that's why."

At all events the want of efficacy in the new Epsom Spa caused it to be gradually forsaken, and what is worse it brought the old Wells, which were effectual, toppling down with its ruin.

Indeed Levingstone took a lease of the Old Wells and shut them up to prevent comparison, until at last, after many vicissitudes, Epsom became, as far as a water drinking resort, completely deserted.

The Wells connected with the original establishment on the Common still exist—the grounds in which they lie are

now held by — Davidson, Esq., who is most kind in permitting free access to the spring. The water is now drawn by an old iron pump, but as we have said has an undoubted power, as any one can prove by a trial of a few tumblers after his breakfast, or what is better, after a walk prior to that important meal.

It is really a pleasurable thing to start, of a morning from Epsom, for the Old Wells, when the sun has been warming the world for a few hours, and the playful breeze is just beginning to get into "the humour of the thing," and fans your fevered temples.

You get just one little sniff of the aromatic coffee that old Mrs. — your housekeeper is grinding fresh; and you know that there awaits your return crumpets, pickled salmon, and the nicest possible round of beef. A little on your way is met the cheery country-woman taking in your fresh eggs; and you are going a trip in preparation for enjoying all these nice things.

The gentle murmur of nature waking herself, seems breathing through the morn; and the birds raise a prelude to the glorious concert of the day.

Onwards you speed with elastic step, and presently tread the soft turf which sinks and rises again beneath your feet. Leaving the villages behind, you mount the gentle slope of "the Common" and oftentimes, through the clear air beneath a turquoise sky, may see afar off the towers of the Chrystal Palace flashing in the eastern sunbeams like a Titans glorious shield. And then you come to the waters and fill your crystal glass, and with a gentle gurgle there flows in, to invigorate jaded nature, the soft juicy stream, and then, as Pepys says, "so home"

—home to breakfast, and to such a breakfast, and with such an appetite ! so Home !

What a contrast this presents to our preparation for bathing when children—nurse appearing with a decoction of senna and salts creamed and sugared, which makes you hate tea for years after, and with such an insinuating smile beseeching the young victim to be good and take his nice medicine. Out upon it ! Give us a walk like the above to the Epsom Spa, and we shall gladly take its medicine without any bribe.

I believe the analysis of the composition of these waters, proves them to possess a large quantity of Sulphate of Magnesia, called, from so plentifully pervading the mineral springs here, Epsom Salts ; and I have been told that at times there is quite a thick layer of these salts on the surface of the water.

There have doubtless been some disquisitions which pretend to much learning on the question—Why these Wells have lost their healing powers ? and I have been highly amused by listening to a young bachelor medical man, holding forth with much solemnity, and explaining, to the manifest edification of an admiring group of young ladies, the real and undoubted causes of the failure of healing powers in the waters. Very foolish were his ideas (if he had an idea at all).

“I tell you ladies” he said “that it is not sufficiently understood, what immense powers of absorption, so to speak, the human frame is capable of. Increase your pulmonary regions, and you increase the atmospheric wants of your population. Population *has* fearfully increased ; (he should have said, spite our patriotic efforts to

keep it down). The atmosphere requires certain qualities for the sustenance of man. Peculiar properties in the water are snatched up by the air in its catering for man.—the population consume these as fast as supplied—and ergo the waters fail in that peculiar quality.”

Cheers from all the young ladies ; a murmur of approval from several mammas, and a slap of approbation on the back from the village parson, who received cheap advice from the young professor and moreover had a couple of daughters among the group.

But, if essayists have written or young doctors dogmatised on this matter, there still seems to me, no less to exist a doubt whether the waters have lost one single particle of that which they once possessed. Why do not people try them for a sufficient time, as some have ? and they would find that they still hold in solution sanatory agents, and have in certain diseases a healing power.

Do you remember Scott's description of Dr. Rochecliffe and his friends' exposition of King Charles's problem ? Doctor Rochecliffe was one of the constituent members of the Royal Society, and was the person through whom the King required of that learned body, solution of his curious problem.—Why, if a vessel is filled brimful of water and a large fish plunged in thereto, nevertheless the water shall not overflow the pitcher ?

Dr. Rochecliffe's exposition (whatever it was) of this phenomenon was the most ingenious and instructive of four that were given in ; and it is certain that the Doctor must have gained the honour of the day, but for the obstinacy of a plain, dull, country gentleman, who insisted that the experiment should be in the first place tried

publicly. When this was done, the event showed that it would have been rather rash to have adopted the facts exclusively on the Royal authority, as the fish however curiously inserted into his native element, splashed the water over the hall, and destroyed the credit of four ingenious essayists, besides a large Turkey carpet.

This remarkable effect will certainly result from two or three glasses of the Old Wells water, that no possible doubt will exist upon your mind that you *have had* some.

A remarkable person arose into public notoriety who served to keep attention alive, while the prosperity of the Wells was on the wane.

Mrs. Mapp, who Manning states to have been "the daughter of one Wallin, a bonesetter of Hindon, in Wiltshire, and sister of Polly Peachum,"—the Polly Peachum whom Gay immortalised in his Beggar's Opera, then attracted almost as many visitors as the famous spa. As the Wells professed to cure the stomach, so she became the friend of its old fabled enemies, "the limbs."

She was long the quiet favourite of her learned fathers home, but the high spirit which afterwards broke out with such impetuosity began to show itself in the bud; she quitted her father's house in an affected state of insanity, and after many wanderings settled down in Epsom.

It is long before superstition shall be entirely banished our earth, but certainly until the last century the most extraordinary attributes were accorded to the mystic and the strange. For instance, among the Scots, the existence

of what was called "the second sight" was certainly little doubted a century ago, and now is scarce everywhere denied.

The cure of scrofula by the monarchs touch was fully believed in as lately as the reign of George IV., and fully practised by George III.

There is generally to be observed in those, who attempt to impose upon their fellow men a belief in a wonder-working power, a degree of eccentricity, if an habitual difference from their fellow beings may be so called, which being singular, gives them an interest in the estimation of the weak, as a sort of beings separated by distinct knowledge and feeling from the rest of mankind.

It has often, however, been the case that if such clever schemers were found to use their abilities for the benefit of mankind, they were sure to meet with the admiration and friendship of the great, the noble, and the wise.

Certainly Crazy Sally succeeded by her general eccentricity of character and by some "very good hits" in her bonesetting operations to acquire great notoriety. We are told that the cures she wrought, and her success in setting fractured bones and reducing dislocations, caused so great a resort to the town that the inhabitants offered her a handsome premium to settle down there.

Malcolm mentions and describes some of her cures in his work on London, which are most astonishing while they appear to be not at all doubtful. Her great success must be in a measure attributed to her amazing strength, coupled with her experience and observation in her fathers home.

It is told of her that, on one occasion she was visited by

a man, who, it was supposed, was suborned to test her skill by some surgeons jealous of her success. He looked in a wretched plight, being made up for his deceit. Pretending that his wrist was dislocated, he lamentably prayed for her kindly offices.

Sally having laid out all her preparations with some formality, proceeded with confidence to the task, when lo ! it proved to be a sham.

But her "soft deluder" was not to be easily let off; she gave the deceitful limb a powerful wrench and really did dislocate it, and then recommended the patient "to go to the fools who sent him, and try their skill, or to return in a month and she would heal him.

Her repute was so high, that it is said she received as much as twenty pounds in fees on some days. She drove a carriage and four horses, and demanded great respect.

But the tide of her good fortune began to ebb soon after she had cast her eyes on sweet Mr. Mapp. He was footman to a mercer on Ludgate Hill. Every effort was made by her friends to stop so imprudent a step as her marriage with him, but in vain. She was married, robbed, and forsaken by this rascal, all within a fortnight. Her reputation now began quickly to fail, and she died in December 1737, so poor that the parish in which she resided in London was obliged to bury her.

Will Hogarth's wit singled her out, and she will be seen, as she appeared, when in the floodtide of her prosperity, in his print of the "Consultation of Physicians."

I shall now proceed to notice some of the Seats of the Gentry and their domains, which form such beautiful accessories to the Village of Epsom.

Durdans, or as it has been called "Durdants" we have mentioned as among the Palatial residences near Epsom. Johnson defines a palace as, "the Mansion of a Prince" and in 1764, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., took up his residence here for a time.

King Charles II., having presented the palace of Non-such near Ewell, to the infamous Duchess of Cleveland; she, to feed her extravagance, sold its materials to George, the first Earl of Berkeley, who, with Mr. Samuel Pepys and others, was made Master of the Ordinance, on the 8th of November, 1654. Lord Berkeley erected a magnificent structure with part of these materials in the Park of Durdans, the scene of a sorrowful and humiliating event in his family history which gave rise to a remarkable trial, if Aubrey be correct in stating this to be the spot on which the occurrence took place.

In September, 1662—Charles the II., and Catherine his Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, Prince Edward and many Noblemen, dined with the Earl of Berkeley at Durdans; and probably to this dinner party Samuel Pepys refers in his Diary of September 1st, 1662, at the same time that he recalls the scene of his childish sports, when he says—"September 1st—with Sir W. Batten by coach to St. James' this being the first day of our meeting there by the Duke's order; but when we come, we found him going out by coach with his Duchess, and he told us he was to go abroad with the Queen to-day to Durdans, it seems to dine with my lord Berkeley at his seat near Epsom, where I have been very merry when I was a little boy."

In Evelyn's Diary, he relates that in 1665, he was at

Durdans, where he found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty and Mr. Hooke, "contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel to run races in, and other mechanical inventions." He adds that, "perhaps three such persons together were not found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity—and the historian of the "author of *Sylva*" might say, such a companion as Evelyn for elegant philosophy.

We do not find many incidents of interest during the Earl's time, but at an after-period, it became the property of the Earl of North and Guilford, subsequently having been chosen by Frederic, Prince of Wales, as his residence.

This Prince, the son of George II., was given a high character by Hume, but without the slightest foundation, as it is now allowed, for his panegyric. He was a person of wayward and unsettled habits, and perhaps the most uncomfortable son a king and queen could have. Indeed he was one source of the proverb that "the Guelphs could never live in family harmony together."

Leigh Hunt, a well read and reliable authority has drawn a rather ugly portrait of him, though to the life, in his "Old Court Suburb," where he asks us to imagine what sort of visitor this young man was considered by his family when he was at home, "from the dismal fact that he was hated by every one of them, father and mother not excepted." His sisters openly avowed their contempt for him; the king pronounced him a puppy, fool and scoundrel, and the queen cursed the hour in which he was born. Even the good natured minister described him a poor, weak, irresolute, false, lying, dishonest, contemptible wretch." A nice catalogue of vices certainly! Unfeeling

levity, however seems to have been a chief point in his character; indeed this is the expression of face in his portraits, see those at Hampton Court Palace!

He goes on to remark proofs of this young man's nasty character. It seems that one of his modes of annoying his mother at Kensington Palace was, "by coming too late to chapel, and making his wife, instead of entering by another door, squeeze to her seat between the Queen and her Majesties prayer-book." And when you consider that the hoop in all its enormity was then in fashion, beating crinoline hollow, you may imagine that the poor Queen prayed in anything but comfort.

Again he points out his cheating propensities, and tells how, looking out from a window in the Palace he spies the title-hunting Bubb Doddington go by, and said, "That man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England; and yet with all his cleverness I have just nicked him out of 500*l*." Traits like these made his parents call to mind what an honest governor had said of him when he was a boy. The Governor complained of some tricks which he had been playing; the Queen mother not then seeing what such conduct foreshadowed, said goodnaturedly—"Ah, those are pages tricks I conceive." "Pages tricks!" said the Governor, "I wish Madam they were, they are the tricks of lacqueys and rascals." "The nicker of Bubb Doddington," says Leigh Hunt, "nicked himself out of life and a throne, by putting on a thin dress during cold weather, because he felt himself hot with the pleurisy."

There is a spot upon the Downs near Epsom called still "The Hawkery," where the Prince frequently followed the heron with his hooded falcon.

A small pillar or obelisk, now taken down, stood lately in the shrubbery at Durdans, said to have been erected by Frederic to the memory of a favourite dog; and there was another obelisk in the Common Fields approached by a long avenue of walnut trees, where a curious scene is said to have taken place; the obelisk has been taken down, and the flints of which it was composed have been used to face St. Martin's Church; while the avenue of trees now no longer exists, having been many years ago consigned to the upholsterer.

The story runs thus—As Frederic was walking early in the morning by himself, he saw, sitting at the end of the avenue, a sweep dark with the soot of his vocation. Angry at his intrusion into the Royal grounds, the Prince called on him to begone. The merriest of grins was the only reply. A walking stick was quickly flourished over the intruder, but as quickly wrenched from the Royal hand. After some angry words, the sweep dared Frederic to the fight, and having stripped his sooty body he stood fronting the heir to England's throne. Nothing loath to this new adventure, Frederic threw off his coat, and set to fisticuffs with his antagonist, who being a hardy boxer, succeeded in bringing the fight to a conclusion sadly adverse to the Prince.

He trod on the neck of his fallen enemy and loudly proclaimed himself victor. Frederic had the magnanimity, not only to confess his defeat, but to reward his conqueror, and often told the story with much grace, while he ordered the obelisk to be erected in honour of the fight.

Soon after Frederic's departure from Durdans, the palace was taken down, and a new edifice commenced by

Mr Belchier. But even while this was in progress towards completion, a fire broke out and destroyed it completely. Then was erected the structure which at present adorns the grounds, which after many changes came into the hands of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Baronet, and from him descended to his son Arthur Heathcote, Esq., the present occupant, who keeps one of the few packs of hounds that exist in the County of Surrey.

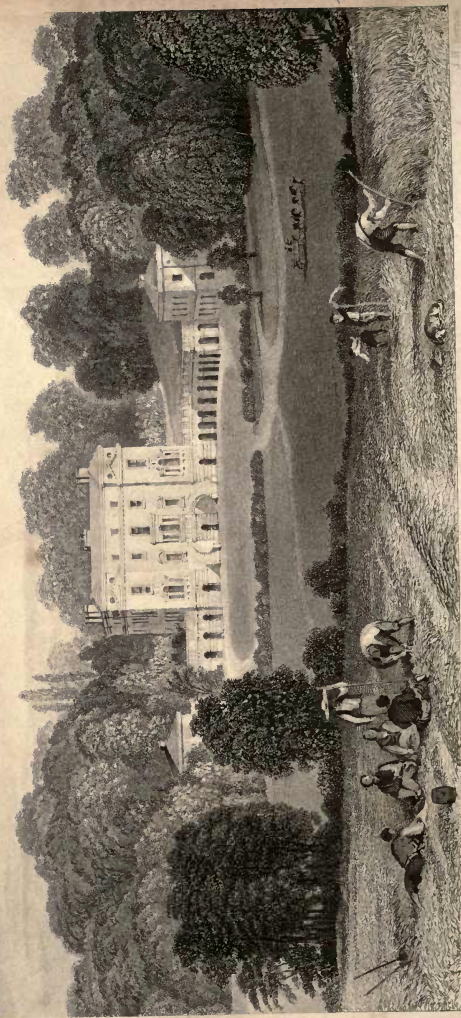
The present House is a handsome building of red brick, based with stone. The court entrance has a noble pair of gates, through which the palace is viewed at its least attractive side; the park front is however possessed of much greater architectural beauty, and looks on a noble stretch of forest scenery with lawns of the richest verdure. The trees are of magnificent growth, and the ground being irregular, there are formed pictures of considerable loveliness, which the sketcher will do well not to pass by.

We never however can fail to associate with Durdans this, its greatest historical charm—under those trees and amid those lawns, played in his childhood George III., the greatest and wisest, because the most pious and God-fearing of England's race of Kings.

Garlands is a very pretty residence remarkable for the beauty of its timber, which must have had great care taken of its early training, the grounds too are very varied; indeed, for its size, this residence is scarcely surpassed for elegance and grace; it is occupied by Alexander Crowe, Esq.

Woodcote Park, one of the most beautiful residences around Epsom, contains an area of three hundred and fifty acres of ground, park and woodland. It is bounded by





T. Allen

WOODCOTE PARK.

the Epsom downs and closely adjoins the race course, which is approached by a turf carriage drive, overhung by stately trees. Queen Victoria used this road in 1840, at her last visit to Epsom Races on the Derby day, and it has been ever since closed as sacred to Royalty. The Park was then in possession of the Baron de Teissier, who received his title from Louis XVIII., in the year 1819, as lineal descendant of Teissier, Baron de Marguerittes, and Marquis de Lagârne in Lanquedoc. It is now the property of Robert Brooks, Esq., M.P. for Weymouth

The House which is represented in the plate adjoining, is a handsome building consisting of centre and wide stretching wings which are connected with the main building by arcades, which boldly throw them out. The surrounding foliage is beautifully grouped, and the interior of the dwelling very noble. The library is a very symmetrical apartment, enriched on its sides by gilding, and with its ceiling ornamented by a good painting of Verrio's pourtraying Ganymede. The apartment called the painted room is richly covered with designs from ancient mythology. The gardens are extensive and surrounded by much glass. The park is filled with trees of a good growth, and presents several lovely views. The Common borders on this demesne, and from the waters which abound in several parts of it, may be drawn forth gold fish, which seem to thrive remarkably and attain a considerable size.

Adjoining Woodcote Park and fronting the village green, is the handsome residence of Edward Richard Northey, Esq. For the extent of its grounds which are not large, this demesne strikes the eye in passing as well

laid out. Its greatest interest rests in the fact that the mansion was built by Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-general at several times in the reigns of three monarchs, William the Third, Anne, and George the First.

The Park has within its limits several noble trees, and stretches away into the sylvan scenery of Woodcote Park, which it bounds. The honour of having supplied the brood whose progeny until lately tenanted the high trees in the London Temple Gardens is claimed by this in common with many other places, but we fear erroneously here, since there seems a stronger claim set up by Beddington elms, situate near Sir Walter Raleighs place of Mitcham. The story here however is, that some students on their return from an excursion, climbed the trees near Woodcote green and carried with them a nest with young, which they deposited in that well-known nursery of law, where many "a crow is plucked." It may be that more than one excursion was made by the Temple youths, and more than one progeny transferred.

Passing from Woodcote to Epsom is a large house called Woodcote End, where dwelt the Reverend Martin Madan, formerly chaplain to the Lock Hospital, London, and which is now in the occupation of Doctor Graham. The Reverend Martin Madan was a most popular preacher, and attracted such crowds to his ministry that it was found requisite to build a large chapel for the aforesaid institution. He was born near Hertford, A.D. 1726, and died in 1790, aged 64. His mother was aunt of Cowper the poet.

Among his works are valuable collections of Psalms and Hymns, extracted from various authors; a Scriptural com-

ment on the thirty-nine articles; a sermon on Justification by works; and a literal version of Juvenal and Perseus with notes, two volumes 8vo. But he made himself very conspicuous in his day, and most unpopular with the religious world, by writing a book called "Thelypthora." This latter work was generally considered objectionable; and such odium attached to it that it led to his retirement from the pulpit, when he settled at Epsom where he died. He was buried at Kensington. His brother Dr. Spenser Madan became successively Bishop of Bristol and Peterborough.

This house where Mr. Madan lived and died is at present, as we mentioned, in the occupation of Dr. T. J. Graham, author of the well-known "Modern Domestic Medicine" and other books. The "Modern Domestic Medicine" is a volume, invaluable to the heads of families, and has already reached a twelfth edition. It is remarkable for its diagnoses, its clear description of symptoms, and is at the same time so particular in prescribing the needful remedies, that the Doctor, who still practices, can be only accused of, in many cases rendering his visits unnecessary, since his literary substitute sometimes completes the work of cure. This however must be a most valuable book in scattered neighbourhoods, where an immediate application of remedies often saves life until a professional man can be called in.

At the entrance to Epsom on the Dorking road is a large and handsome house of red brick, standing in its grounds, which Lady Duckingfield lately inhabited, and less recently the seat of Governor Starke. It now belongs to Nathaniel Alexander, Esq., who resides there—the

garden front looks over the lovely country around Woodcote, commanding sweet views. In the pleasure grounds there is a noble specimen of the Spanish laburnum, which is quite a picture in its flowering season, when, clothed with blossoms of great size which completely hide its trunk, it presents its contrast to the foliage of its neighbours.

Adjoining Woodcote Green, is a large and handsome house belonging to Mrs. Elmsie. It stands in very limited grounds which is to be regretted, still from the back are obtained fine views of the woodland, which adds such a beauty to the neighbourhood of Epsom. This estate has been considerably improved, and with excellent judgment in the arrangement of the grounds.

The pretty Villa Residence of Miss Harvey, which borders on the above, bounded as it is by woodland and meadow interspersed, is a most agreeable summer abode.

At the entrance to High Street, stands the large brick Mansion of James Norris, Esq., more fitted for a park residence, than for the position it occupies, in juxtaposition to the town.

Down Hall, the residence of T. D. Bainbridge, Esq., stands on the south-east side of Epsom, and commands one of the best views of the town, while beyond it stretch the noble Downs, and extensive ranges of richly diversified scenery.

At the north-west is Horton Place, the residence of Mrs. Trotter. The house was built by James Trotter, Esq., who was High Sheriff of the County of Surrey, in 1798. This is a fine Mansion enclosed in a considerable park.

Mrs. Trotter is owner of most of the landed property within the Manor of Horton, and is a careful steward, for

God, of the wealth which He has given her. We understand that she offered to complete the endowment of Christ Church on the Common, by a munificent donation, which was inconsiderately declined.

Miss Trotter founded and endowed the excellent Infant School on Clay Hill, which has been of great benefit to the working classes.

Horton Lodge, adjoining the above, is the abode of Henry Willis, Esq., one of the eminent firm of Bankers, in Lombard Street, who has much improved this elegant residence. The house is a handsome pile, commanding some lovely views. The gardens are tastefully laid out and richly stored.

Lastly we would mention the demesne of Hookfield Grove, the residence of James Levick, Esq., on Clay Hill. The house, which is a noble building, stands in an extensive park, whose beautiful home-views it commands at the north-west side. The ranges of glass and a beautiful conservatory render it, with its own architectural advantages a most conspicuous object. It stands on the site of the mansion which Toland speaks of, when he says "Sir J. Ward's is a noble palace on Clay Hill."

The house which Mr. Levick removed to make way for the present building was inhabited by the family of Knipe, of whom many curious traditions are handed down. It is told that they were remarkable for the luxury of their living. Mr. Knipe's butler, who he much valued, is said to have approached him one day, and given him notice to leave. His master grew pale at the news and said; Are your wages too low? No. Do you get proper food? Ah sir, that is the fault I find. Then double your allowance

said Mr. Knipe. Ah Sir, said the servant, the Doctor tells me that I cannot live a month if I eat and drink so luxuriously, and he says I must go and engage as "Top Sawyer." He went and engaged in this occupation spite all his Master's entreaties or threats. Mr. Knipe is gone, but the "Top Sawyer," which cognomen still clings to him, is alive at ninety to tell the tale.

CHAPTER V.



EWELL is a Village, small, but scarce surpassed in all Surrey for its favourable situation and interesting history. An “arm of courts,” frequented by the monarchs of the most stirring ages, although its primitive glory hath departed, the memory of its adjunct remains; while it has Nonsuch as the chief beauty of its suburb, Ewell can scarce fall into oblivion. But in itself it has such a charm of salubrity, being noted among the places of Surrey where health seems to love to dwell, that an interest attaches to it calculated to gather tourists thither, and to win sojourners to its shades. Malden bounds it on the North; Cheam on the East; Banstead on the South, and Epsom on the West and South-West.

There is some romance 'tis true in one derivation of its name, but it is that which most befits the genius of the place, where so near are the fields “famous for Cheam mutton,” and where the maidens do certainly go down to its streams more “unclad” as in Eastern fashion, than

elsewhere throughout the land. Rebecca drove to the stream Laban's flocks; and the open stream where "oft the ewes are laved," may well be supposed to yield a derivation for Ewe-well, the Well or Stream of the Ewes.

But romance apart—there is an ancient name given to Ewell, it is Etwelle, or Etwel, that is, "At the Well," seemingly from its situation at the head of a small stream which runs thence through many windings until it loses itself in the bosom of the Thames.

Domesday-Book describes it; we will not do more than quote those words,—“The King holds Etwelle in demesne,” and further on—“To this manor pertains the Church of Lered (Leatherhead), with forty acres of arable land, &c., held by Osbern de Ow.”

Whosoever desires to study the various vestings and descent of this manor, will profitably consult the work on Surrey by Manning and Bray. I would incline to pass on to the year 1538, when it appears, after various possessors, to have reverted to the Crown, and it was then annexed by Henry VIII. as part of that great chase which he joined to the newly erected honour of Hampton Court.

After the death of this grasping monarch, we find little change occurring in the manor through the reigns of Edward and Mary; but Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have been right royal in her munificence, presented Ewell, together with the Manor of Wights, to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, whose daughter Joan was married to Lord Lumley, who dying without issue, his sister Barbara became his heiress. She first married Humphry Lloyd, secondly William Williams. Her son by her first husband, namely, Henry Lloyd, succeeded to Lord Lumley's estates,

but not to his title, and from him the estates descended to Robert Lumley Lloyd, D.D., who presented a petition for a peerage on account of the reversion of the attainder which had been put upon Ralph Baron Lumley, attainted for rebellion against Henry IV, in 1409; his petition was rejected, his plea being found unsubstantiated by collateral facts.

The Doctor afterwards became Rector of St. Paul's Covent Garden, and dying without issue vested his estates in trust for his sisters, with remainder absolutely to Lord J. Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford.—In 1755 the Duke sold the manor to Edward Northey, Esq., who left it to William Northey, Esq., from whom it descended to his nephew, Edward Richard Northey, who lives at Woodcote House, Epsom, and to whom it still belongs.

We must be very brief in describing the Manor called Botolphs, and yet we cannot pass it by, being as it is, part and parcel of the Manor of Ewell. It was granted by Henry I. to William de Battaile, and loses its distinctions of tenure for some time until the reign of Henry V., when Thomas Hayton seems to have held it. Agnes his daughter married Thomas Carew, son of Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, and he dying in 1430, his daughter Joan married William Sanders, of Charlwood. A sale took place in 1765, when Anthony Chamier, Esq., of Epsom, became purchaser. His heirs again sold to Thomas Calverley, from whom the estates descended to Thomas Calverley, Esq., of Ewell Castle. He was on his death succeeded by William Bowen Munro, Esq., and he left the estates to his son who was yet a minor when he died.

The Manor of Fitzneil and that of Rookesly descended

to the same William Bowen Monro, through him to his son, yet a minor as we have said.

As we before remarked there is no mention of a church at Ewell in the Domesday Book; but it is there said that the church of Lered or Letherhead, pertained to the manor of Ewell.

The advowson of Ewell formerly belonged to the same Abbacy as that of Epsom—the Abbott of Chertsey who was so miraculously delivered from the Princess Coronetta, as legends relates, held it, and Abbots of the same, succeeding to him, enjoyed its revenues. It became however appropriated in 1308; and, to pass by many of its changes, in 1560 Henry VIII., annexed the rectorial estate to the honour of Hampton Court, an all-absorbing gulf.

Queen Elizabeth, as free as Henry was grasping, presented it with all its rights and appurtenances to Thomas Reve and George Evelyn and their heirs &c., reserving the tithes of some land within Nonsuch Park and various fees and pensions.

I cannot find how it became vested in Sir William Gardiner, Knight, of Lagham, but he left it by his will to his son William, whose grandson William sold it in 1690 to Barton Holiday, Esq., by whom it was again sold in 1705 to Sir Richard Bulksley, Bart.

In 1709 Sir William Lewen, Knight, Alderman of London, purchased the Rectory, and bequeathed it to his nephew George Lewen, Esq., whose only daughter Susannah became the wife of Richard Glyn, Esq., an eminent banker in London. After being made Lord Mayor in 1758, he was created Baronet in 1759. His death took place in 1772, when the rectory descended to his son Sir George

Glyn, second Baronet, from him to Sir Lewen Powell Glyn, the third Baronet, and since he died unmarried in 1840, he is succeeded by his only brother, Rev Sir George Lewen Glyn, fourth and present Baronet, who is in holy orders and himself holds with the advowson the Rectory, also,

Manning tells us that "the family of Glyn is paternally descended from Cilmin Droued—Tu, or Cilmin with a black foot, of Glyndyffon, North Wales, who lived in the year 843 and from whom a direct descent may be traced to Sir Richard Glyn, who represents the second line of the family, the family of Glynne in Flintshire being the first branch, who at the Restoration altered the spelling of their name from Glyn to Glynne."

There is little of interest connected with the village of Ewell itself. In the seventeenth century indeed it was a place of some greater importance, and once took precedence of Epsom, before the Wells brought the latter place into prominence.

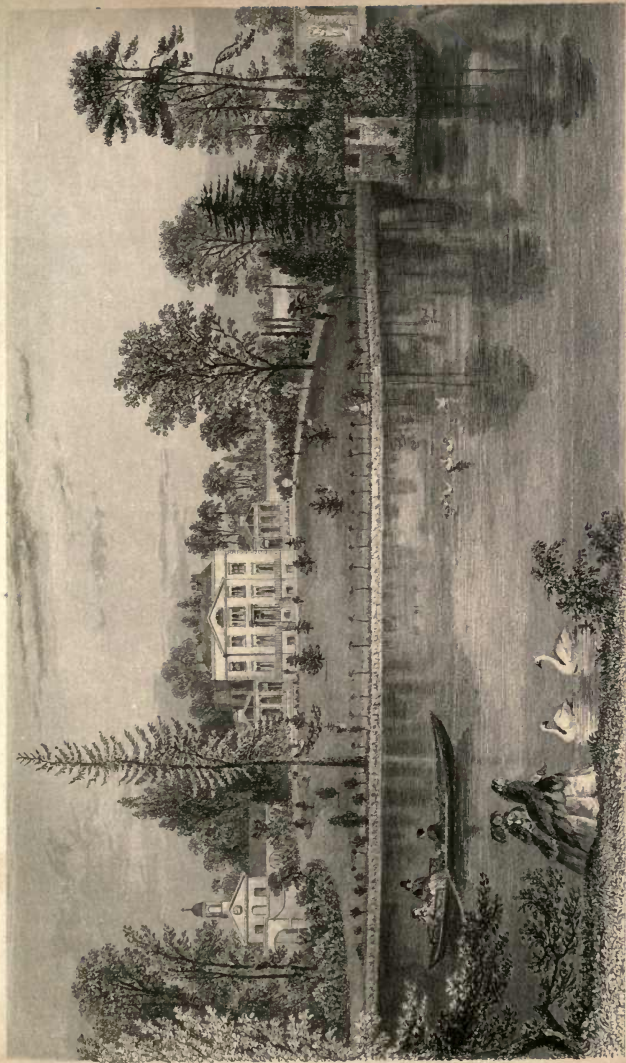
The Waterloo branch of Rail has its station at one side of the village, about half an hour brings the traveller from London, and the entrance to the village is here very picturesque, the water having been made the very most of in its adornment—swans float along its surface, and the Grange, the residence of the Rev. Earnest S. Towne, is tastefully laid out, presenting an elegant view.

Here are two large Flour Mills, well situated and receiving their power from the stream, called Hog's Mill River—the water is beautifully clear, and may be seen arising out of the ground in very remarkable springs, which gurgle up in a thousand sparkles. This water abounds with trout. There is one of the springs which feed it, issuing from a house in this neighbourhood.

Just here is the handsome Mansion of George Torr, Esq., represented in the plate—the interior of which is of a very superior character. The hall and staircase are extremely fine, and the suite of rooms on the ground floor opening therefrom, arranged with judicious taste both for comfort and ceremony. The views from the front of the House are excellent, looking over a wide expanse of country. The ranges of glass and conservatories occupy a large space, surrounding well-laid out gardens, and are stored with all manner of exquisite exotics, and deciduous plants. The Lake, which forms a beautiful foreground in the picture, is well stored with trout, and adapted for aquatics, while the lordly swan has his home of quiet repose upon its bosom. The Dairy which has a fountain playing in its midst, and its windows stained with fine glass, is situate at the side of the lake, and forms an object very prettily designed. From the front windows there is an extremely pretty view of Ewell Church, mingling its architecture with trees of good growth. The out offices are on a large scale and well built.

Mr. Torr is a valuable acquisition to the parish of Ewell, as he takes considerable interest in its institutions, munificently contributing to the building of Schools, &c. There are some pictures of merit surrounding the walls of the reception rooms, which late additions have made worthy of note.

Opposite Mr. Torr's Mansion stands the Spring Hotel, in itself a picturesque object, surrounded by well grown trees and having the Church as an accessory to its landscape. The proprietor is Mr. Goddard, who is extremely attentive to his guests.



Gertrund Hall - The Seat of George Torr, Esq.

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There has lately been added to this already comfortable house a suite of rooms adapted to Masonic and other meetings. The grounds are very tastefully laid out with gardens and arbours, where the traveller may fancy himself miles away from the busy hum of men; and no better dinner and everything needful therewith can be had than Mr. Goddard can supply. A visit to Ewell will amply repay the traveller, and a visit to the Spring Hotel yield him every needful comfort. There is good stabling attached, and vehicles of all kinds may be obtained for drives through the surrounding beautiful country, while within quarter of a mile stand the gates of Nonsuch Palace, whose grounds have a carriage drive passing through their most lovely points of view, right onwards to Cheam.

Ewell Castle the seat of Mrs. Gadesden is a noble residence, looking on a wide Park, which mingles itself with the lands of Nonsuch. The Mansion is castellated with turrets at the angles. A noble entrance porch, rich with heraldic designs, invites into a lofty hall with mulioned window and groined ceiling. The reception rooms are very elegant, and the library filled with a choice collection of books is a room that invites to study.

There are some terraces, and antique looking bastions, which have been well kept and judiciously added to, and which mark the spot, where is said to have stood the ancient banquetting house of Henry VIII. The ancestor of Mr. Calverly discovered these about ninety years since, and cleared them from the surrounding debris.

It is near this the field lies, which is still called Diana's Dyke, by tradition marked as having contained the cold bath of the maiden Queen, where existed statues sculp-

tured from the well known fable of Diana and Acteon. The pipes which supplied the fountains may have been lately seen scattered among the filling of the Epsom Railway.

Adjoining Ewell Castle is the Grove, the seat of Sir John Rae Reid, Baronet; a limited but well planted demesne, which adds its foliage to make Ewell one of the prettiest villages, so rich in wood and water, among the pretty homesteads of Surrey.

With good taste and judgment the tower of the old Church has been allowed to survive the demolition of its chancel and nave, which it was found requisite to remove in 1852. The old Church dedicated to St. Mary, was of great antiquity, built of flint and stone, and with a roof of coarse tiling. The south aisle was wont to open into a chapel, builded by Richard Bray, in 1529, and in this chapel he was buried in 1559.

It was determined to take down this old Church with the exception of the tower, which should remain to beautify the landscape, and to raise a new building more suitable to the wants of the parishioners, while it was also determined that the monuments should be replaced something as before, the brasses also in the corresponding situations.

The necessary Funds were raised by subscription, Sir George Glynn granting ground for the site and heading the list with the munificent contribution of 500*l*. The usual grants were obtained in aid of these subscriptions from the Commissioners and Church Building Society.



The new Church which was consecrated on the 24th of August, 1848, is a handsome Gothic structure with chancel, nave, and side aisles. The side aisles run up beside the chancel which is a novel feature in architecture. Aided by the judicious and symmetrical arrangement of the various monuments, mostly from the old building, the interior of the Church presents a very handsome appearance. The nave and chancel are divided from the north and south aisles by pointed arches or pillars. The roof is lined with oak inside.

There is a Memorial Window by the side of the Chancel in memory of the Lady Emily Jane, wife of Sir George Glynn, of exquisite proportion and very rich emblazonment.

In the Chancel are several Brasses which adorn the tessellated pavement One has the inscription,—

“To the memory of Lady Jane, wife of Sir John Iwarby, of Ewell, and daughter of John Agmondesham, Esq., of Ledred, in Surrey, who died in May 1515. A small female figure is kneeling, her hands joined as in prayer, and on her cloak, which is fastened across the breast with a tasselled cord, are these arms,—1st and 4th on a chev between three boars heads coupé, five cinquefoils; 2nd, on a chev, three crosses moliné; 3rd, a lion rampant, double queneé.”

The principal Mural Monuments are in the Chancel also. In its south-west corner is a raised tomb, on which is the sculptured effigy of a man reclining on his right arm, his head covered with a full flowing wig, and in the robes of an Alderman. A pilaster of the Corinthian order supports a pediment; the tablet has the following inscription :—

“Sir William Lewen, Knt. and Ald., son of Robt. Lewen of Wimborn, in the County of Dorset, Gent. He served the noble City of London in its most honourable posts: was chosen Lord Mayor anno 1717, which, and all others, he discharged with integrity and reputation. Obt. 16 die Mart 1721 æta. tuæ 65. Here also lyeth the body of Charles Lewen, late of London, merchant, nephew of Sir Wm. Lewen; who departed this life the 23rd day of Nov., 1732, in the 50th year of his age. Likewise Dame Susanna Lewen, wife of Sir Wm. Lewen, Knt. She died the 30th day of December, 1737, aged 73.”

Another tablet of white marble is sacred to the memory of Sir Richard Glyn, L.L.D., Knt., Bart., and Ald. of London, buried in the family vault in this church. Lord Mayor of London 1758; Representative in two Parliaments for the City of London; Member for Coventry at his decease; President of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospital;

Vice-President of the Artillery Company. Died 1st of January, 1773, aged 60 years. He was the son of Robert Glyn, Esq., Citizen of London (who died 1746, aged 73, and was buried in this vault) by Ann Maynard his wife. Sir Richard Glyn had three sons by Susannah, only daughter of George Lewen, Esq., of Ewell—Robert Lewen, George and Richard. Also three sons by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Carr, of Hampton, Middlesex, Bart.—Richard Carr, Thomas and Edward. Also, to the memory of Dame Elizabeth Glyn, daughter of Sir Robert Carr, Bart., of the family of Etall, in the County of Northumberland. She was the second wife of Sir Richard Glyn, Bart., by whom she had three sons—Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart., Col. Thomas Glyn, and Edward Glyn. She died the 14th of April, aged 77.

There is, near the above, a monument sacred to the memory of Jane Lady Glyn, wife of Sir George Glyn, Bart., and youngest daughter of the Rev. Watkin Lewes, A.M., of Tredered, in the County of Pembroke. She died sincerely lamented on September the 4th, 1790, aged 47 years, and is buried in the family vault in this chancel.

Also to the memory of Richard Lewen Glyn, her son, Major in his Majesty's 81st Regiment of Foot, who died at St. Domingo, July 5th, 1795, aged 25 years.

Another tablet is erected in memory of Col. Thomas Glyn, late of his Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, in which he served in the American War in 1776, and in Flanders in 1793, and was present at the memorable Attack of Lincelles, on the 18th of August in that year. He died on the 24th August, 1813, aged 57 years, and was buried in the family vault in this church. He was the

second son of the late Sir Richard Glyn, Bart., by Dame Elizabeth his second wife, daughter of Sir Robert Carr, Bart. He married Henrietta Elizabeth Sackville Hillingbery; by whom he had Thomas Clayton, Henrietta Elizabeth, Elizabeth Grace, Richard Carr, George Henry, Robert Spencer and Amelia Mary. In the same vault are deposited the remains of his second daughter, Elizabeth Grace, who departed this life 10th April, 1809, aged 16 years and 4 months.

A plain white slab is sacred to the memory of Sir George Glyn, Bart., of Ewell, in the County of Surrey, who died the 4th day of September, 1814, aged 76 years. Also of Sir Lewen Powell Glyn, Bart., son of the above, who died the 28th day of July, 1840, aged 38 years, and lies interred at Bath Easton, Somersetshire.

In the North aisle is a mural tablet, which records that, "In the family vault near this spot, are deposited the mortal remains of Sir Thomas Reid, Bart., of Ewell Grove, in the County of Surrey, and of Graystone Park, in the County of Dumfries, who died on the 29th day of February, 1824, aged 61 years. Also of Lady Reid, widow of the above, who died on the 29th day of January 1829, aged 67 years. The Calverley family have various monumental records in the South aisle, commencing with Hannah wife of Thomas Calverley, Esq., of Southwark, who died in 1758—and ending with Hector William Rowen Munro, Esq., who was interred in 1842. He was nephew of Mrs. Elizabeth Goldyer Calverley—on the West wall is a tablet in memory of Mrs. Lempriere and her son Captain Lempriere. Its inscription is as follows:—

"In a vault near this place are deposited the remains of

Elizabeth Lempriere, who died June 1833, aged 68. She was the widow of William Charles Lempriere, Esq., chief Magistrate of Jersey, and President of the States of that Island, who died at Pezenas in France, 1st May, 1790, aged 35 years. Also of Captain Lempriere, &c."

There are several other monuments of less note placed in different situations with much judgment and taste. We must not omit mention of a curious entry in the Registers, which commence as we said in the year 1604. It is as follows:—

"Matthew Mountagew of Cobham, and Agatha Turner of Leatherhead; their agreement of marriage was three market days published in the Market of Ewell, and they were married by Justis March of Darkin, the 3rd of July, 1654."

The celebrated wit and poet Richard Corbett, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was born at Ewell in 1582. Fuller in his "Worthies" styles him "a high wit and most excellent poet, of a courteous carriage." His poems however have most established his literary reputation—They were printed first collectively in A.D. 1637.

But the chief glory of Ewell is the neighbouring Park of Nonsuch, which skirts the village on its north side, which from its acknowledged beauty as well as from its historical reminiscences must always cause Ewell to be an object of interest, both to the lover of scenery and to the antiquarian; of Nonsuch, therefore we will now briefly treat in its two aspects—Nonsuch as it was, and Nonsuch as it is—both of which are illustrated by the accompanying plates.

Hanc quia non habent similem laudare Britanni

Sape solent Nullique Parem cognomine dicunt.

So sung Leland of Nonsuch in its palatial glory, when kings and nobles trod its gorgeous courts—when foreign-

ers came from afar to wonder at its ostentatious magnificence, and the profuseness of its adornation. Its architectural beauty and its natural advantages, combined to cause it to stand without a rival, and to make just this poets praise.

“ This which no equal has in art or fame
Britons deservedly do None such name.”

Nonsuch as it was is past away, but its natural loveliness must increase while its glorious park trees keep growing on, and its interest scarce can fail to be imprinted in deeper lines, as history and legend (unwritten history) grave monuments to the memory of the past.

The stately edifice which our plate sets forth was the product of the chase; the history of its rise is pleasant.

Bluff King Harry whose stormy infancy had been cradled at a farm house near Woking, was a great lover of the County of Surrey. His love for the chase met here with ample gratification, and it was while following the stag from Hampton Court, that tired and panting with his exertions he stopped to rest at the foot of Banstead Downs.

Here he was hospitably entertained by Sir Richard de Codrington, one of a race who had held the Manor of Codrington, since the reign of Henry VIII., and delighted with the prospects which he beheld, he offered in exchange for the Manor, the Rectory glebe, and tithes of little Melton in Norfolk. The King then annexed the manorial estate to the honour of Hampton Court, and bade the old house to be razed and this lordly palace to be built. The old Church whose site is still shown in a corn field near at hand, was at the same time pulled down, a hollow place alone showing that the ground was ever stirred.

King Henry is supposed to have lived very much here, while the pile was advancing—but he died in 1547, while yet it was incomplete—It was even then however sufficiently perfect in its outline to obtain the name, which indicated its superiority to all other English palaces.

Nonsuch was Henry's favourite hobby, and when he waxed heavy with sickness, age and corpulency, and might not travel so readily abroad, but was constrained to seek his game and pleasure near at hand, there he fancied that he would dwell in peace amidst its lovely forest glased.

Henry however dying, the Palace remained unfinished during the reign of Philip and Mary, until the year 1557, when Queen Mary was prevailed on by the Earl of Arundel, who was a great admirer of the memory of Henry, to sell Nonsuch to him, and his wealth being immense and his tastes elegant and refined, he attempted to carry out the stout monarchs designs.

The Parks were ever full of deer, and he laid out gardens with an unmatched degree of beauty. Fountains sparkled in the sun, and from many surmounting clock towers, there pealed forth notes of the passing hours; beautiful groves ornamented with trellis work, and inviting to their shade, with seats placed here and there; the lawns with softest verdure clad; and the proverbial salubrity of the spot, all combined to make it seem a place formed for pleasure and for peace.

At the other side lay Worcester Park, and beyond there were passing lovely views of the Country around, all commanded from the lofty turrets of the palace.

As we see, it was consisting of apartments built round two courts, each approached by a gate-house embattled

and with turrets. These gate-houses were built of massive stoneworks, as were also the foundation stories of the palace itself, and they, at the side which faced the terraces, were faced with beautiful Italian bass reliefs, but the upper story of the palace was of wood, "richly adorned and set-forth and garnished," as the historian tells us "with a variety of statues pictures, and other antic forms of excellent art and workmanship, and of no small cost." at the angles of the inner court there rose two slender turrets five stories high, with lanthorns on the top; here the lords and ladies of the court were wont to climb and view one of the noblest sights that could be imagined, as over Worcester and Nonsuch with the vast extent of country round, the beauties of Surrey enchanted them with their loveliness.

We can imagine from this valuable plate of ancient Nonsuch, its courts trodden by the lordly throng, stiff and stately with the cumbrous robing, as well as starched manners, that then prevailed. We can fancy the old lumbering coach, with its heavy wheels and gilded panels; and seem to hear the echo of the huntsman's horn, and the braying of the dogs, close around the house. The lordly wassail in the hall, the influx of strangers of every degree, the chiming of the clocks and the challenge of the warders—and Wolsey making his visit in Henry's day, with his unecclesiastical pomp, and his monkeys and his lacqueys, and his chests of perfumes, and his wardrobe on sumpter mules, and all the glory of this nonsuch of Cardinals—do they not arise before the eye of the mind?

But we are not left to mere imagination as to one queer scene, here afterwards enacted, which well may be called

Essex' folly. Queen Elizabeth became enamoured of the beauties of Nonsuch, during visits which she occasionally made to the Earl of Arundel, and after his death purchased it from his daughter who married Lord Lumley. She spent many summer seasons here during the latter part of her reign, and here happened Essex' disgrace.

Eager to learn how Elizabeth thought of the peace which he had made with the Earl of Tyrone, and his impatient resignation of the Vice-Royalty of Ireland, he arrives splashed and wayworn about ten o'clock in the morning to Nonsuch. Such was his haste that he stayed not until he came to the Queen's bed chamber, when he found, says Rowland Whyte, in his letter which appears in the Sidney State Papers, "the Queen newly up, the hair about her face." If it be remembered that Elizabeth's hair at that time was scarce her own, it will not be wondered at, that though he was well received at first, presently the Royal displeasure found vent.

It seems naturally to have been much wondered at, that Essex should dare to go so boldly to her Majesty's presence, and at such an hour, "she not being ready and he so full of dirt and mire that his very face was full of it," and probably the wonder was perceived piercing curiously through the respectful courtesy of her attendants, for by dinner time her wrath was fierce, and after objecting to his conduct in Ireland, in a few hours more she orders him to keep his chamber, and on the following Monday he was committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper, by this heartless and impetuous Queen—this loss of whose favour afterwards went so far as to cost him his head.

The same trait which so disfigured this monarchs

character—vanity—which ever carried her to the utmost extremes was developed at Nonsuch, and caused her to leave for ever its healthy pleasant shades. As she was riding home one sunbright day, she saw from afar, as she thought, the Palace on fire. Quickly she sent forward a band of messengers to enquire, and return to her with the cause and the particulars, they soon returned and smilingly told her that it was but the rays of the sun gilding the roofs. So annoyed was she with the fact of her mistake, that she ordered preparations to be made and left that day for ever.

James I., and his Queen Anne of Denmark and Charles I., with his Queen, have been at various times resident at Nonsuch. After the execution of Charles I., Nonsuch fell with the other crown lands into the hands of commissioners appointed by Cromwell, one of whose Generals afterwards occupied it. Still may be seen a tomb stone in the churchyard at Cheam, sacred to the memory of the Serjeant of the wine cellar to Charles I., who died after his master's execution.

Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., and James II., notices a visit of his to Nonsuch in 1663, the year after Charles' marriage with Catherine of Portugal.

Towards the evening of July 25th, on which day he had set off to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, he bade his friends adieu, "resolving that, instead of the race which failed him he would go to Epsom." When he comes there he can get no lodgings "the town is so full," and we can imagine him riding up and down the street, crowded with ladies in hoops, and himself in a full-bottom wig, and ample

flowing cravat, looking for lodgings "but which is better" he goes on to Ashted and there gets a lodging, "in a little hole we could not stand upright in." He finds his cousin Pepys house, which he goes to look at, to come "little short of what he took it to be when he was a little boy." How beautifully natural this is, one so often finds those places which as children they thought palaces come much below the expectations of their childish fancy.

Then he rides through Epsom on Sunday the 26th, "to the Well and the whole town over seeing the various companys that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there without anything to do, but only in the morning to drink the waters. But oh to see how many of the citizens be met there that I should not have thought to see there; that they ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither." And then He goes through Nonsuch Park to the house and there viewed as much as he could of the outside, peering in as we should through the gates of Buckingham Palace, he looks through the great gates and found a noble court and "altogether believe it to have been a very noble house and a delicate park about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King (Charles II.) to carry up to court."

We can easily with the excellent etching to help our imagination, transport ourselves in fancy to these Royal days of Nonsuch when monarchs wound the princely bugle and rode madly with his courtiers behind the lordly stag.

And we can place beside this in our minds the contemporary history of London's fatal fire—especially with Mr. Samuel Pepys lucid description of the panic caused in every mind from the monarchs down, when all thought

the latter days were coming. If ever Mr. Pepys was frightened he was then.

Nonsuch was chosen as a place of safety to move the Treasury to. Look at his graphic description of the panic, it is most amusing—how, from the highest magistrate to the maids in the attic, all was alarm and dismay—“His Jane” comes to tell him that she hears three hundred houses have been burn’t down through Saturday night, while the sight that presented itself on the holy Sabbath of September 2nd, 1666, was the terrible scene of a fire, “an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the bridge (London Bridge with houses on it as in the olden time). And poor Pepys heart is perplexed, for he says “it did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge.”

Among other things how he describes “the poor pigeons loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys until they burnt their wings and fell down.” And the poor people, like these forlorn birds, still clinging to their homes and hearths until the very fire touched them.

All this fills poor Pepys heart to bursting, and his sympathy is creditable to the man, but still he forgets not his sterner duties. He is Secretary to the Admiralty and the monies of the Navy must be looked after. He first endeavours to save the city, and by the King’s command “goes to look for the Lord Mayor of whom he says, “at last met my Lord Mayor in Caning Street, like a man spent with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King’s message he cries like a fainting woman, Lord what can I do—I am spent—people will not obey me—I have been pulling

down houses but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

Pepys then looks after £2,350 of his own, and then cares for the Exchequer money—This is put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch House near Epsom, where the Exchequer had formerly been kept. And then he dines off an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton—a great many of us, but very merry; and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life." He goes off and sups with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed rogue—"supped well and mighty merry, and our fears over."

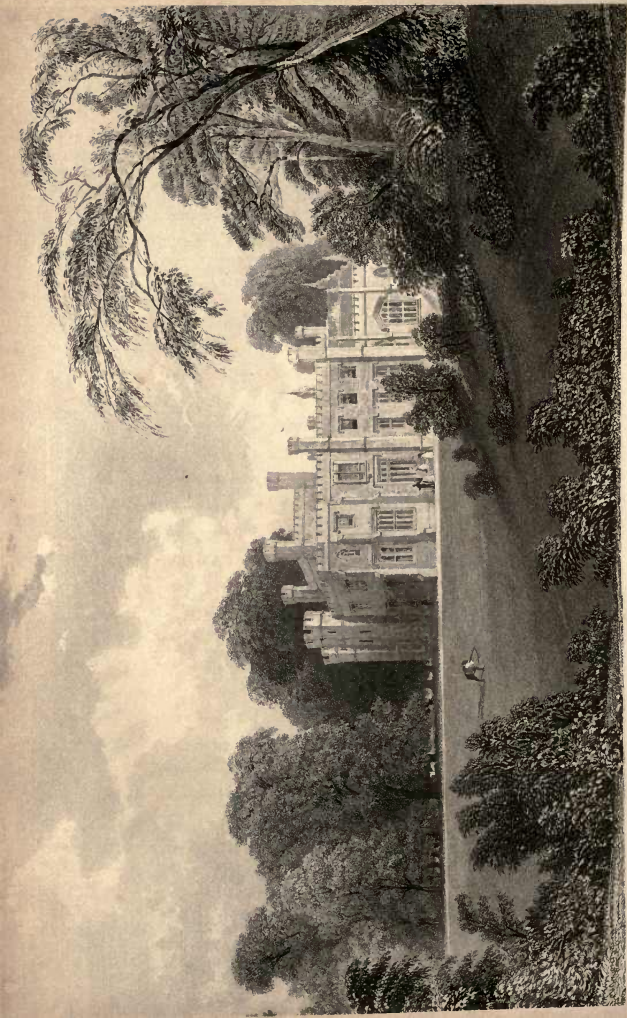
And all this while those lovely trees at Nonsuch were peacefully spreading their branches in the sunlight, or sleeping with the birds in their arms, amid quiet shades, or in happy repose the deer of those parks were whileing away their careless hours.

And thus Pepys moralises—his work done—"Up betimes and shave myself after a weeks growth, but oh, how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day," and so he is off to see the destruction the flames had caused as he walks among the dying embers of the City of London.

Mr. Thornbury, in a very interesting letter in the Athenæum, tells some particulars regarding Nonsuch relics, which as he dwelt since a boy at Cheam, have all the interest of being facts.—After mentioning confirmatory circumstances connected with the general history of the palace days of Nonsuch, he says the father of his informant was the old man who first ploughed up the site of the old palace "where Shakespeare may have acted, and Byron uttered wisdom." A great iron bar and a stone globe from

some bygone gateway where all that were found. Shillings and halfcrowns of Elizabeth are frequently found here. Low-country tokens and Vespasian coppers; and he found himself a shilling of Henry VIII. with the effigy of Henry VII., which he supposes was an old Henry VII. which passed through the Mint with a mere alteration of the legend and date.

The ancient architectural glory of Nonsuch is gone; the voice of the monarch and the soft tread of the courtier, the bugle of the warder, and the lordly train that was wont to make up the pageant of royalty, are no more characteristics which add a solemn sense of awe to the scene; but tradition still breathes around Nonsuch the memories of the olden time, and that mind will indeed be heavy, which will not at the touch of tradition's wand, recal imaginary pictures of days gone by; for not a hill has lost the curve around which the forester, the huntsman, and the attendant array in Lincoln Green, with bugle at their side were wont to start the lordly stag and to follow him with the baying hound. There are still trees in the Park of extraordinary dimensions, which monarchs may have stood under to view the grand battue.—Indeed, there is one, a venerable elm, which tradition associates with Queen Bess and still called after her name, for she is said, there to have had her stand when the antlered denizens of the park fell beneath the bolt of her crossbow. Queen Elizabeth's Elm stands near the Lodge which admits from Ewell-side to the Park. Its upper branches have been much lightened, but it is still very sound in the trunk. This trunk measures at base about twenty-six feet, and is, perhaps, only second to the noble Wyche Elm at Ashted, in size, amid the forest scenery of Surrey.



NONSUCH PARK.

The Duke of Grafton, grandson to the Duchess of Cleveland, when he sold Worcester Park to his steward, John Walter, Esq., sold likewise the Little Park to Joseph Thompson, Esq., who erected a dwelling house of moderate pretensions at some distance from the site of the old Palace.—At the death of his devisee, Rev. Joseph Whately, the estate was sold, and purchased by Samuel Farmer, Esq., who built the present elegant mansion in 1803.

This is an imposing structure in the style of Elizabeth with towers and embattled parapets, built by Jeffery Wyattville. The suite of reception rooms is very handsome, especially the drawing room of an octagonal form opening by folding doors into an anti-room, whose windows are filled with very ancient stained glass in character with the ancient traditions of the place. The oak panelling and furniture of the dining-room are suitable and rich, while many good paintings adorn both the ceiling and the walls.

Before leaving Nonsuch, the visitor should look into the garden where is a Wisteria tree on the garden wall, one side of which alone is 120 feet long; one wonders how the sap will flow such a length along the straight branches. This is, however, a very quickly growing tree in good situations. There are also in the lawn goodly trees; a Scotch fir about seventy feet high and twelve feet in girth; Two cedars of immense size; and the honey locust tree nine feet in girth at the ground. Of chesnuts and Spanish chesnuts there are some very fine specimens; but the plane tree in a neighbouring hollow is perhaps the finest of its species in England. The present possessor of Nonsuch is William Farmer, Esq., who succeeded to the property in the present year of 1860.

The Gardens of Nonsuch are famous in every arena where the battle of the flowers is "fought and fought again." Their orchids are justly celebrated throughout the land, and prize after prize has proved the excellence of their management, and the skill and labour which are bestowed on their cultivation.

And now we must take leave of Nonsuch Park; and let the tourist wander over its beauties as he will, they will be found ever fresh and always enchanting by new phases; whether he look to discover the beauties of its vistas, or wander down among the thick shade of its forest scenery, or rest his eye upon the distant landscape—now inspecting some rare old denizen of the forest, which says, I have lived when old monarchs were young—or whether he admires the masses of light and shade so well defined, as the thick phalanxes of the forest group themselves above the violet and the daisy—he will find much that will make it hard to tear himself away, much to make him long again and again to visit this lovely Park.

Let him store his mind from the pages of history before he starts, and he will have grander thoughts and more sublime meditations. But, above all, let him think and ponder on that which renders Nonsuch beautiful still, when its treasures of art have crumbled to the dust—its natural beauties—remembering that "the hand which made them is Divine."

CHAPTER VI.



THE Village of Ashtead, situated within a mile of Epsom, derives an interest from the lovely Park, with whose glories it is connected.

A traveller writing in 1714, says concerning it, "Within a mile of Epsom is Aysted, belonging to Mr. Fielding, brother to the Earl of Denbigh, which for its situation, Park and Gardens, is inferior to nothing of its bigness that I have seen in England;" and again Toland in 1666, says of it "Ashted House and Park, the sweetest spot of ground in the British world." We need then to examine its loveliness if we would not leave the beauties of Surrey unexplored.

Still the Village itself, though consisting of many houses, will not fail to strike those who are gifted with the love of beauty or a sense of the picturesque, so peacefully does it lie embosomed in the forest scenery around. Standing on a gentle hill on the turnpike road, there is an air of prosperity about its dwellings, which tells that there is sympathy between the owner and tenantry of this lovely estate.

The notice of Ashted in the Doomsday-Book, which we have extracted, runs thus (We would remark that it was anciently called Stede). "The Canons (of Baieux) hold Stede of the Bishop. Turgis held it of Earl Harold, and it was assessed at 9 hides, now at 3 hides 1 virgate. The quantity of the arable land not stated. Two carucates are in demesne, and there are 33 villains and 11 bordars with 14 carucates. There are 9 bondmen, 7 hogs for herbage, and 4 acres of meadow. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 10*l.*, afterwards at 6*l.*, and now at 12*l.*"

To pass over the possession of the Ashtead Manor during the reigns of Edward I., named Longshanks, and Edward II., the victim of a woman's perfidy, during which it was held by the family of De Montford, we will examine its tenure in the time of Henry VIII. Sir Edward Aston made a transference of it in exchange for the Manor of Hulton and other estates in Staffordshire and Derbyshire.

Leases of Ashtead were granted by Henry VIII. and Mary, and in 1563, Queen Elizabeth gave its fee simple to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, in consideration of a payment in money. A daughter of this nobleman married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and his son Philip was confined in the Tower through false accusation, the estates therefore returned to the Crown, until the accession of James I., when Thomas Howard, son of the Earl of Arundel, was restored to the titles and to some of the estates of his ancestors, including Ashtead.

In the year 1680, the Ashtead Estate was sold by Henry, Duke of Norfolk, grandson of the Earl of Arundel,

to Sir Robert Howard, the sixth son of Thomas, first Earl of Berkshire. He was created a Knight of the Bath, and made Auditor of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II., and was the author of *Lives of Edward II. and Richard II.*, a *History of Religion*, various Poems and Plays both in comedy and tragedy, the *Committee*, the *Indian Queen*, the *Surprisa*, the *Duke of Lerma*, &c.

On the 7th of December, 1666, Sir Robert brought into the House of Parliament his famous Proviso to the Poll Bill, which greatly enraged Charles, as it put certain monies which he was wont to control into the hands of commissioners. Mr. Pepys says in his Diary, "This was brought in by Sir Robert Howard who hath a great office." By his first wife Honora, daughter of the Earl of Thomond, he had an only son, Thomas, who married Diana, the daughter of Francis, Earl of Bradford, and their only surviving child, a daughter, married Edward, Lord Dudley and Ward, who dying shortly after, his title descended to a posthumous son.

Lady Diana, the wife of the aforesaid Thomas, married, secondly, William Fielding, youngest son of the Earl of Denbigh, being in possession of Ashted and other estates under the will of her first husband. She had no issue by her second marriage; and her grandson having died in 1731, she settled the Manor of Ashted on Henry Bowes Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire for life; with remainder to his fifth son, the Hon. Thomas Howard, and his issue male who succeeded to the estate, his nephew being Henry, Earl of Suffolk and Berks.

Earl Henry died, as well as a son who was born after his death, and the family title went to the above-named

Hon. Thomas Howard, who by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Kingscote, Esq., had an only daughter Diana, who married Sir Michael Fleming, Bart., of Rydal, and after her father's death she for some years lived at Ashtead. The reversion, however, had been devised by the former Earl to his mother, the Viscountess Andover, for her life, with remainder to her daughter Frances in fee; the property eventually came to the latter, who married Richard Bagot, Esq., who, by sign manual, assumed the name of Howard.

Mary, their only daughter, married the Hon. Colonel Fulk Greville Upton, who also assumed the name of Howard, and she succeeded to the Manor in 1818. Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard, relict of Colonel Howard, now holds the estates connected with Ashtead together with other considerable lands in Staffordshire, Norfolk, and Westmorland. Mrs. Howard resides much at Ashtead, and wins the affection of her tenantry by her munificence and anxious desire for their welfare.

Little Ashtead; or, Priors Farm, was early separated from the lordship, and was held by Mrs. Howard on lease.

Ashtead House, the seat of Mrs. Smith, has all the advantage of the forest scenery of Ashtead Park, on which it abuts, standing in grounds which, though not extensive, are well laid out.

Ashtead Cot is the residence of Mrs. Chester, relict of the late General Chester, and is prettily situated on the western side of the parish.

Ashtead Lodge is the residence of Mrs. Parker, its front is rather too much shaded by the large trees which overhang it, restricting its view of the lovely scenery around.

Lastly, we would mention, that there is a good Inn

where the tourist may find every necessary accommodation and refreshment after his toil in drinking in the beauties of this sylvan vale. It is kept by Mr. Thomas Skelton, and lies well situate on the turnpike road.

ASHTEAD PARK.

Sweet Ashtead's glades !
Where monarchs erst have trod
With Howard's noble sons ;
They all are past and gone !
But yet there stands erect
A monarch, greater, sturdier in his pride :
Ruling the forest, Thou great Elm !
Hast marked the grand array
Of kings and nobles, as they hawked or rode.
And though in props and bands
Thy ancient limbs are swathed—Art
Mighty in thine age, thy green old age,
Which storms and blasts blow as they would,
Have failed to smite with ruin.
While many of greater youth and strength
Have been laid low—thou standest, still.

Ashtead Park will ever be associated with the high and the noble, and hardly separated from their deeds. For, although the calm of its retreat has never been burst upon by the hoarse cannons roar ; although the clarion has sounded there only to warn the resting warrior back to

his toil again: yet kings have sojourned here, with their footsteps scarce dry from the gore of bloody battles, to nerve the wearied arm afresh, or in quiet sketch the map of the future. And if Bacon be true when he says, "The kings more special favour doth reflect upon some worthy ones, as is somewhat necessary;" then the Howards may be justly proud that Charles II., politic and wise in state affairs, though gay and thoughtless in his passions; and James II., who was wont to court those that were powerful and brave, though a nerveless feeble mind forbade him to lean on himself, his own worst slave, should be associated with William III. of pious and immortal memory, in doing honour to the seat of a family whose loyalty, wisdom, and high nobility have been ever as a proverb in connection with their generous hospitality.

But the real glories of Ashtead must pertain more largely to the present than the past. They must ever be the result of natures primitive but ever growing beauties rather than of the perishing memorials of art. And in this sense description must fail to do adequate justice to the exquisite beauty of its sylvan scenery, or to the un-mutilated charms of those almost breathing speaking nobles of its forest halls, which have played with the evening Zephyr, or dared the wild hurricanes rudest assaults, and that, during centuries of the past.

It has ever been the courtesy of courtiers to honour kingly guests, by planting during their stay amid their halls, some avenue or grove with what has been called "the motto tree" of the monarch. And especially in revolutionary times it was the custom of adherents thus to display their zeal.

In Ashtead there are traces of this "right loyal" love. The lime was the motto tree of William of Orange, and a token of his adherents.

Between the House and the Church there stands a noble Avenue of these trees, forming now a leafy canopy which tells of years gone by. These were planted when the great restorer of England's Protestant liberty dwelt with Sir Robert Howard as his guest at Ashtead. And these will long remain, if other hands are as loving to the forest beauties as those that tend them now, till years are past and gone, to tell a subjects loyalty and earnest zeal.

From this avenue the ground gradually changes its character as it ascends to a more wild and tangled "pleasaunce," and into the country beyond.

If there be such charm connected with places where the early childhood even of monarchs was passed, and if every little memorial thereof is carefully treasured until ages have passed and gone: of how much greater interest must those scenes be, where such a man as William of Orange, silent and morose amid Courts, was wont to unbend himself, and perhaps pour forth his mind well stored, as it is allowed to have been, with every lore, and to mingle it with the kindred spirit of such a one as Sir Robert Howard, the subtle politician, as well as the talented historian and dramatist.

The Park and demesne of Ashtead are not large, although the property connected with it is of considerable extent. One of several estates held by the Hon. Mrs. Howard, this is the one which she seems most to choose as her residence. Remarkable as a kind and liberal landowner, she is here especially beloved. Schools flourish—institutions abound,

under the Rev. William Legge, who has been Rector of Ashtead since the year 1826, with whom Mrs. Howard seems to co-operate fully, and the Rev. Barrington Taylor, the estimable Curate of the Parish.

It is, indeed, not to be wondered at that Ashtead should be a favourite seat of its owner, for there can be but one opinion as to both its comfort and beauty.

Aubrey, who is quaintly called "the Herodotus of Surrey, possessing rare and patient curiosity," after his exploratory visit here pronounces it in language far too small for its merit—"a handsome seat with a neat garden pleasantly situated."

The House which Aubrey saw has, however, been long taken down, namely, that in which Sir Robert Howard entertained the Kings of England.

John Evelyn writes concerning the staircase of that old building, and he was ever among the greatest admirers of Ashtead, with his elegant taste and refined feeling. In his Diary of the 10th of May, 1684, he says—"The staircase is painted by Verrio with the glory of Astrea. Among other figures is the picture of the painter himself, and not at all unlike him. There is also Sir Robert Howard's picture, which is an oval."

The present House was erected by Richard Howard, Esq., who married Frances, daughter of William Viscount Andover, and sister of Henry, the 12th Earl of Suffolk and Berks. It is in the form of a large square, built of white brick with stone dressings, with a portico on the Northern front. The whole cost of building this mansion, with its out-offices and ranges of glass, is said to have been 100,000*l*. The interior is far more magnificent

than from its outer aspect would be supposed. It contains a noble hall and staircase. Many valuable paintings and articles of vertu decorate the interior, which also contains an excellent Library of rare and choice works in several languages, collected by the various owners and evincing strong evidence of the extent of their acquirements in elegant literature.

Among the Pictures of superior merit in the different apartments of this Mansion are the following.—We would enumerate twelve which adorn the principal Drawing Room:—"Jacob leaving the House of Laban," by Bassano; an "Infant Saviour," by Guido Reni; "The Holy Family," by Jacobo Carracci; "The Little Shepherdess," and "The Fortune Teller," both by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a "Battle Piece," by Jacobo il Bourgonnone; "St. Margaret of Sweden," by Carlo Dolce; "The Battle of Pavia," by Breughel; "An Allegorical Group, bound by a golden chain, with a lovely View of Venice," by an artist of the Venetian school; a "Flemish Fair," by David Vinkenboom; "Jepthas Vow," by Giorgione; and a speaking "Landscape," by that loveliest of Nature's painters, Claude Lorraine.—Very beautiful, indeed, is the Chimney Piece in this room, from a design by Piranesi, in white statuary marble.

The Hall, which is an elegant and well stored apartment, is adorned with several gems of art. There are here two Busts, of whitest marble, by the sculptor Bartolini, one of the Marchioness of Bristol, and the other of her daughter, the Lady Augusta Seymour. Four of the Pictures in the Library deserve particular notice—"Boors at Cards," by Teniers, jun.; "Gonzales painting the Portrait of Ger-

rard Segers," by Gonzales Caques; "The Fable of the Satyr and Traveller," by Jacob Jordans; and "The Seige of a Town," Parrocel.

In the Hall particular notice is claimed for the "Picture of Dead Game and Fruit," by Sneyders; two "Sea Views," by Peter Molyn; two views of "St. Peter's in Rome," by Paolo Panini; "Philip IV. of Spain," and another of "Elizabeth of Bourbon," by Rubens and his scholar Schuttz; "Oakhampton Castle," by Wilson.

The Dining Room contains several portraits and other paintings, and among them, "Lady Diana Howard and her two Children," by Sir Godfrey Kneller; another "Picture of these two Children, by the same; "Sir Robert Howard," by Kneller; a "Portrait of Lord Dudley and Ward," and another of "Lady Dudley and Ward," both by Murray; "Still Life," by Peter Roestraten; "Lady Tufton," by Sir Peter Lely; "Henrietta of France, daughter of Charles I.," by Sir P. Lely; two "Pictures of Buildings," by Dirk Van Delen; "Two Boys, one playing on the flute," by Gherardo della motte.

In the Study, there is a "Full-length portrait of Mary Howard, daughter of Richard and Frances Howard, and wife of the Hon. Fulk Greville Howard," by Sir Thomas Lawrence; another by Harlowe, of the "Hon. Sophia Upton; "Henrietta Maria," by John de Rheyn; "Six Views of Rome," by Eastlake; "Katherine, wife of the fourth Earl of Bedford," by Sir Peter Lely.

In the Hon. Mrs. Howard's Room,—"Richard Howard, Esq., by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "Mary Viscountess Andover," by Glover; "The Hon. F. G. Howard, husband to Mary Howard, and who assumed her name," by Harlowe.

In the Dressing Room attached thereto are portraits of "The Hon. Francis Howard, and of the Viscount Andover."

The Velvet Bed Chamber has a series of clever portraits, that of "Thomas Howard, son of the Hon. Sir Robert Howard," by Sir Godfrey Kneller; "Lady Diana Howard" by the same; "Lady Diana Howard, when Lady Diana Fielding," by Murray; "Catherine Graham, afterwards Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire," by Jarvis; and one of the "Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire." Several others of greater or lesser merit adorn the apartments, which space will not admit the mention of. Those to which we have referred will suffice to show the rare value of this beautiful collection.

Around the House are extensive shrubberies stocked with the choicest trees and shrubs, and from its base the ground slopes downward by a graceful declension towards the Lake, around which are grouped numbers of goodly forest trees. The beech, the chesnut, the walnut, and the noble ash are here, but the most prominent of all among them is the far-famed Wych Elm, *ulmus montana*, which has attained a truly wonderful growth, even greater than that of the Elm near the Church at Kenilworth, to which every traveller to those parts wends his way, to look at that which has been the wonder of past ages, while it remains a glory of the present.

The Ashtead Wych Elm is of enormous size, and, although it has attained an age which it would seem fabulous to state, is still verdant and healthy in its upper limbs. Measured clear round the base, it will be found to reach forty feet in circumference. Does it not look like some aged warrior whose trembling limbs have been well

supported by the care of those who loved him, shored up as it is by underposts? Or may it not be likened to some fierce giant who has grown old in his unsubdued strength of will, tottering but determined, beneath his fetters. It is truly wonderful how, notwithstanding the great weight of its upper branches, this noble elm has stood the force of elements which have swept whole forests with destruction and laid the bravest low. And it seems like some hoary annuitant determined to live on still, now that it is so fondled by the hands of kindness, so that if there be a sapling looking forward to stand in its place, it must reckon on itself growing old, before the stout Wych Elm shall fall.

Scattered at the borders of the demesne and adjoining the Lake are some specimens of the Spanish Chesnut, which have a noble and elegant appearance, growing, as they do in this climate, with something of the strength of the oak as well as the grace of the ash. Some have reached the various girths of fifteen, sixteen, and even twenty-two feet, and one of them is fifteen feet in circumference even at the height of a man.

The following curious traditionary story is well authenticated regarding these forest trees. The relater says, "In the year 1803, at Ashtead Park near Epsom, the seat of Richard Howard, Esq., there are a great many Spanish chesnut trees, which are the kind of tree most frequently introduced by Salvator in his pictures of forest life, and which were sown by a gardener now living (that is, living in 1803). One of these, which, at three feet from the ground, measures seven feet in circumference (now fifteen feet), and has a trunk which is upwards of fifty feet high.

Since writing the above (he says) I have seen the old gardener, Thomas Davie, who is now seventy-seven years old, and have had some conversation with him; he says, that at the age of fifteen he bought three shillings worth of chesnuds in London on purpose to treat his fellow servants; but finding that they would not accept them, he sowed them in a bed in the garden at Ashtead, which then belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards planted out the young trees as they now stand. These trees are therefore at this time "sixty-two years old from the seed." Now, this being in 1803, the trees would be about 120 years old, according to Thomas Davie; but the growth must have been enormously quick since their first planting, if this is their full age. However, even if this be correct, they were planted six years before the Battle of Culloden, and it may be correct, since the Spanish chesnut is a fast growing tree, and their situation in Ashtead Park is, on account of shelter and moisture, peculiarly favourable to their rapid growth.

There are some lordly Beeches also in this demesne. There has ever prevailed much diversity of opinion with regard to the beauty of the beech. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, speaks of it as one of the handsomest of our forest trees, and adds, "they make spreading trees and noble shades when planted at forty-feet distance." The propriety of his remark may be tested at Ashtead, where they stand at similar distances just as if planted by his direction.

White, of Selbourne, declares the beech to be "the most lovely of forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs.

Gilpin, however, we must remark, thinks the beech rather an unpleasing tree made up of littleness, and he may have been thought to have looked at it with somewhat of an artists eye.

However, the painters of the present day seem in very many cases to have thought differently. Gainsborough certainly did think differently. The paintings of modern masters of landscape painting have no tree more picturesque in the trunk, roots, and lower branches than this, the colour of which is a charming grey often beautifully varied with rich brown spots of lichen and mosses which sometimes encircle the trunk, giving out its rotundity with greater distinctness. Is there not a transparent delicacy of tender green on its leaves in spring? and what a tone the early colour of the buds then gives to the woods!

There can, I think, be no tree more beautiful in its decaying hues of autumn than the Golden Beech, changing from green to the brightest orange, then to glowing red and finally to a russet brown.

At all events in secluded scenes such as Ashtead, the picturesque beauty of the beech of the forest must be seen, and *there* seen, to be fully appreciated, as beneath its pendent branches rest the stately deer, while a dim religious light is shed around.

This demesne has ever been celebrated for the abundance and quality of its deer, who gather in large herds around the lake, and give life and animation to the scene.

It is said that there were two large antlers preserved in Ashtead Hall for many years, with which a legend was connected.—It states that one of the park deer had attained a most marvellous old age, and that he demanded

and obtained a high degree of respect and veneration from the other denizens of the park; walking before them with ostentatious pride, and leading them capriciously whithersoever he would. On certain occasions it is told that he even visited delinquents against his authority with the punishment of death. When he had reached a great old age he went and stood by the borders of the lake, no longer able to ramble as had been his wont, nor stirred from thence, day or night, ever attended by a certain number of his satellites, who placed chewed grass or leaves humbly at his feet. Here he lived in such a course many years, and at last quietly resigned his breath, dying of sheer old age.

This we know, that huge antlers have frequently been found in many parts of these islands slightly buried by the side of streams or lakes. If the instinct be a common one, which leads the aged deer to seek this mode of laying him down to sleep the sleep of death, probably the above legend is founded on fact. It is natural that the old deer should come down thither, and that they may more readily drink by the clear streams, and partake of the soft pasture which grows by the waters side. And it is well ascertained that absolute and acknowledged monarchy obtains, not only among the beasts, but among even reptiles and insects too.

The Gardens and Conservatories of Ashtead are very ample. There is, perhaps, the most perfect collection of herbaceous plants anywhere to be found in the one, and in the other the heaths and pelargoniums are excellent.

The Fruiting House and Hothouses are beautifully arranged, in which peaches and nectarines are brought to

an early ripening, and the Melonry is stocked with the richest kinds.

The Stables are on a magnificent scale and well kept, while the numbers of antiquated retainers who keep watch about the courts and grounds, shew that the law of kindness is here well rendered, appreciated and repaid.



LOSE to the House is Ashstead Church. This is an ancient structure dedicated to St. Giles. It is said that it was once entirely surrounded by a Roman fosse much of which is still to be seen. And, in-

asmuch as there may be perceived fragments of a Roman building intermixed with the stones in the walls of the fabric, it may be presumed, that some ancient building of Latin origin stood here. Indeed, this part of Surrey is noted for Roman remains, as we remark in other parts of this work. Albury, Woodcote, and many places around have various relics, while encampments on commanding eminences, and the probable position of Noviomagus or Nœomagus of the Regni—a Belgic people who inhabited Surrey in former days, the supposed ancient capital of the county, furnish still a battle-field for the local antiquaries.

The Rev. William Legge, Rector of Ashtead, had in his possession several fragments of Roman tiles, probably portions of a Hypocaust, which came into his hands during the restoration of the Church; this restoration was completed not many years ago, and the building at the same time was considerably enlarged, at the cost of the owners of the estate, and further enlargements have been and are now making, which will considerably increase the accommodation.

Ashtead Church is a most perfect and beautiful little structure, consisting of nave, chancel, north transept, and tower, with a north chapel. The tower contains six bells.

The open Timber Roof both of chancel, nave and transept is very elegant, being supported inside by figures of crowned angels beautifully carved, as the entire paneling of the inner roof is in Havannah cedar, and the Church is throughout pewed with cedar from Australia. The altar rails and the figures of the four evangelists in the chancel are exquisitely carved. A large and massive old font stands near the southern porch with an elaborately carved cover of cedar extending upwards nearly to the roof.

The Windows in the Chancel are gems of art, the east window represents, in the centre light, the crucifixion with a view of Jerusalem; figures of the Virgin and St. John fill the side compartments. This beautiful specimen of the highest style of glass-painting which has at any period prevailed, originally belonged to a Convent in Hersk, of Flanders, where it was bought by the Hon. Mrs. Howard at considerable cost. It is with great justice highly admired.

The Communion Table is of oak and richly carved, and was presented by the Baron de Teissier.

The Monuments are costly and elegant, some of them possessing considerable interest.

A white tablet is erected in the Chancel with this inscription,—

“To the beloved memory of Fulk Greville Howard, 2nd son of Clotworthy, 1st Baron Templetown. He married Mary, daughter of Richard and Frances Howard, on the 7th day of July, 1807, and took the name of Howard. After a blessed union of more than 38 years he entered into his rest on the 4th day of March, 1846, in the 73rd year of his age, and was buried in the vault underneath on the 14th day of the same month.—1st Thess. v. 9 and 10 verses.”

One sacred to the memory of the Lady Diana Fielding has her bust of white marble, enclosed in darker veins of the same stone under a pediment. Above are the arms of Howard and Warren. It has this inscription—

“Be this monument sacred to the memory of the Lady Diana Fielding, daughter of Francis, Earl of Bradford. Her first husband was Thomas, son of Sir Robert Howard, grandson of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire. She survived the issue she had by him; she had no other.”

This illustrious branch of the House of Howard became her family. To this family, during her life, she assured inheritance of that estate which she enjoyed by the bounty of her first husband: at her death she made provision still more ample to support the honour and dignity of the present Earl of Berkshire and his descendants. That his gratitude thereof may stand recorded to after ages, that the same gratitude may be preserved in the minds of his latest posterity, Henry Bowes, Earl of Berkshire, has caused this monument to be erected, anno 1733.

On the South side of the Chancel is a chaste and elegant monument with this inscription—

“Sacred to the memory of Frances Howard, daughter of William, Viscount Andover, and sister of Henry, 12th Earl of Suffolk; she

married Richard, son of Sir Walter Bagot, Baronet; and died 16th September, 1818, in the 84th year of her age. Also of Richard Howard, her husband, who died on the 12th of November following, on that day completing his 85th year: and of Henry and Richard their sons, who died in infancy."

A handsome tablet is erected with armorial emblazonments, the following inscription being wrought in gold letters:—

"In this vault lies the body of Thomas Howard, Esq., son of the Hon. Sir Robert Howard, Knight, Baronet, and grandson to the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, who died the 4th day of April, 1701, in the 50th year of his age. And also of Thomas Howard, jun., son of Thomas Howard, Esq., who died the 27th of February, 1702, in the 15th year of his age."

A similar tablet has the following record:—

"Here lieth the body of the Right Hon. Diana Lady Dudley and Ward, relict of the Right Hon. Edward Baron Dudley, and Baron Ward of Birmingham. She died May the 17th, 1709, in the 23rd year of her age. She was only daughter of Thomas Howard, of Ashted, Esq., and the Right Hon. the Lady Diana his wife, who, to her daughter's memory, by her directions, erected this monument, intending also to be there interred herself."

A small white marble tablet is erected,

"To the memory of Anne, fifth daughter of Charles Chester, of Chicheley Hall, in the County of Buckingham, Esq., and cousin of Mary Howard, who placed this to her memory. She died November 5th, 1851, in the 65th year of her age."

There is a most interesting inscription which must not be overlooked.—On a gravestone in the Chancel floor are two brass shields of arms, and beneath them it is thus recorded,—

"Bodlæi conjux, Fromoundi filia, Christi
 Serva, sub his saxis. Elizabetha jacet.

Under this stone lies Elizabeth, berefte of mortal lyfe
 Christ's faithful servant, Fromouds child and Bodleis loving wyfe.

Died the 2 of March anno Dni 1591 //

Our limits will not permit us to notice the many interesting inscriptions which adorn the walls around. In the graveyard too are many memorials of the silent dead which he that passes will do well to scan.—Day by day adds to their number, but the day is quickly coming, when death no more shall so ruthlessly ply his scythe, and those that sleep shall rise. Many an age has passed, and many a memorial has decayed, since that ancient Yew was first placed in the earth, which now shades the resting place of generations gone by.

To the West of the Church, at the distance of half a mile, stands the Rectory House, the residence of the Rev. William Legge, Rector of Ashtead, who was instituted to this benefice in September 1826. A noble walnut with wide spreading branches overshadows its front, a tree which must be of immense age. The Rectory is a comfortable residence. The Library in it is stored with a choice collection of books of considerable value. An excellent garden is attached.

The Ashtead National School is at a convenient distance from the Church. This suitable building was erected in 1856, by the Hon. Mrs. Howard. Inserted in the wall of the gable are the arms of the Howard family quartered, and an inscription which explains the nature of this liberal gift to the young of the parish. It is as follows,—

“Ad honorem Dei, et in memoriam matris suæ
 Francescæ Howard—Hanc Scholam pro liberis
 Utriusque sexûs in doctrina et disciplina

ECCL^S CATHOL^Æ ANGLICA

Aliarumque rerum quæ utiles sint scientiæ
 Instruendis propriis suis impensis ædificavit

Maria Howard,

Anno salutis nostræ—1856.

Here also are Almshouses originally built by the Lady Diana Fielding, but not long since enlarged by the Hon. Mrs. Howard, where many of those whom it has pleased God to spare to a good old age, receive the comforts of a home with a small weekly allowance. There is on the walls of this excellent establishment an inscription descriptive of the founders design :

“This hospital was erected and an annual provision made for the better support and maintenance of six poor widows of this parish for ever, by the appointment of the Right Hon. Lady Diana Fielding, relict of the Hon. Thomas Howard her first husband, and afterwards of the Hon. William Fielding, to whose memory this stone was set up by the Earl of Berkshire, the present Lord of the Manor, and one of the Governors of this Hospital.”

February, 1736.

“We Praise thee Oh God.”

On the Common behind Newton Wood is a Medicinal Spring of considerable power as an aperient. A brick wall has been erected round it, but it has fallen, together with its neighbouring spring at Epsom Wells, into disuse. Near this wood is an ancient Danish entrenchment inclosing several acres of ground, probably occupied in former days as a summer camp.

The traces of Roman occupation, as we remarked, are very visible. Running at the end of the outer avenue of Ashted Park, there is a road called the “Stane Street Causeway,” which leads over Mickleham Downs by Cæsar’s Camp.—This road, which was in use in the reign of Richard II. as the king’s highway for part of its course near Dorking, where it may still be seen, presents evident traces of its Roman origin.

And now we must with regret leave the present subject

which did space permit we should gladly prolong. If the tourist desires a real treat he will not leave the lovely park of Ashtead unvisited. Never will he be so struck as, if he be a citizen of the great city, he will be here with the contrast presented to the districts which more immediately border on the Metropolis. You, who from the arches of either railway look down upon the fetid courts of Bermondsey or Lambeth, reeking with all the abominations of the waterside, odorous of glue and bone manufactories, can hardly realise that you are within little more than an hours reach of scenery as lovely as nature can paint it; scenery which for its quiet loveliness, cannot be surpassed.

Go with Evelyn into those secluded haunts. Think with Evelyn as far as you may in his highly refined trains of thought, and enchantment will seem to invest these scenes with some of the glories of a Paradise. Go there when the soft gales of summer blow; away from Thames which is then breathing forth anything but summer joys. Lie beneath the spreading branches of the forest, when

The lightest winds are in their nest,
The tempest in its home,
The whispering trees are half asleep,
The clouds are gone to play,
And on the bosom of the vale
The smiles of heaven lay;
'Twill seem as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which gathered from above the sun,
A light of Paradise.

CHAPTER VII.



ETHERHEAD, a Village of Surrey, prettily situate on swelling ground, and dwelling in the heart of well clothed forest trees, next demands our attention. It is built in the form of a cross and possesses considerable unity of design, while "the gentle Mole" winds embracingly around it, casting her arms forth as though to gather it to her bosom.

In wet seasons the Mole here attains considerable breadth, and is crossed by a handsome bridge of fourteen arches, with rich cut stone piers. A very ancient structure spanned this stream in the reign of Edward III., which in the old estimates we find was a toll-bridge, and accounts are extant under the heading, "De Elemosynis colligendis pro Reparatione Pontis de

Lederhed," of a license being granted to collect money for its repair.

The Anglo-Saxons called this place Leodride, and under that title King Alfred bestowed it on his son Edward.

It is difficult to trace any actual mention of Letherhead in Domesday-Book, though an inference may be drawn from the fact of its being included in the Manor of Thorncroft at the present time, that it is virtually mentioned. The Sheriff's Tourn or County Court was in the olden time held in Letherhead, and we may easily suppose a corruption of the name Tornecroft to Thorncroft. The Manor of Thorncroft, the present style of which is Thorncroft in Letherhead, belonged at the Domesday survey to Richard de Tonbridge. "The said Richard holds Tornecrosta in demesne. Cola (Nicholas) held it of King Edward."

Letherhead is now, it is true, totally distinct from Thorncroft, but still singularly intermixed with it, so that men can hardly tell you which is the one, and which the other. In Domesday-book, however, there is a mention of Lered as in connection with Ewell, and Manning cites from old accounts that in the fourth year of King John (1203), Brian Therfield held land of the yearly value of 10s. in Ledrid, with the serjeantry of the forest of Mickleham. We may therefore take for granted that the Church of Leret mentioned in connection with the Kings Manor of Ewell, and the Ledred thus bearing connection with the forest of Mickleham, were the same

Leddered is mentioned in the Escheats of Edward I., but in the Escheats of Henry V. and Henry VI., Ledered alias Letherhead plentifully occurs. This Manor gave name to the ancient family de Leddrede, of whom we are told that Ralph de Leddrede paid half a mark in aid of

the marriage of King Henry the Second's daughter. Maddox in his History of the Exchequer mentions this fact.

There are many supposed roots whence this name is derived. Perhaps the most correct is that which alludes to the form of the ground. The ancient British language has many words to signify a declivitous or sloping situation, and where such a description of ground occurs, it is very frequently chosen in almost all languages, as the cognomen of towns or residences built thereon. A sloping place was named by the Aborigines, Lleddf, Llethr, Ltethred, Llethredd, and the Welsh word is very similar. Letherhead sloping gently towards the Mole, it would very probably call forth this appellation.

The Parish, which consists of very rich land, is bounded on the North by Malden and Ashted; on the East by Headley and Ashted; on the South by Mickleham; and on the West by Stoke D'Abernon and Fetcham.

Not to enter into the minute particulars of description which Domesday-Book gives of the tenure and value of the manors with which it was associated, we will merely mention that it appears thence, that there were three separate estates at Pachesam or Letherhead before the Norman Conquest. The manor was afterwards separated into four parts; there is a large account of their various divisions, sub-divisions, owners, and occupiers, in larger histories such as that of Manning and Bray, which those curious in such matters may consult.

The country immediately surrounding Letherhead is of extreme loveliness, but especially that part which runs towards Ashted and Mickleham; the yew and the beech largely prevail, indeed, more largely than in any part of

England I have seen. But what is so pretty to my mind as connected with a village—the environs are beautified by that most graceful denizen of the copse and woodland, the pink hawthorn, which mingles here with the drooping lilac and laburnam.

In the Gentlemen's Shrubberies close to the town there are some very beautiful shrubs and flowering trees, among which we specially remarked the pink accacia in full flowering in sweet May. But the tourist will admit that nothing can be prettier than the entire features of this portion of the County of Surrey. The wish springs up spontaneously, as from the trees and hills and curvatures of the ground and sweet meandering streams, pictures of the rarest loveliness are formed upon the retina.—Oh that I had a cottage here, in some sequestered vale, far from the busy hum of men, with some “to whisper solitude is sweet,” and wander with me up the hilly winding paths, which girt by the holly and the hazel copse or the sombre yew, twine themselves round Mickleham and Headley, or by the Mole. How sweet to see the glorious landscapes of this lovely scene, now basking in the sunshine or playing in the breeze, now changing like the expressions in a maidens face, as the clouds run careering before the sun, or sometimes in the morning after a night of showers, looking like a bather refreshed, or like one from sorrows iron hand relieved, smiling glad again!

But we must back to dull detail. One somehow feels as D’Lolme, who did not dream he should see the beauties of the English constitution to be so great until he progressed in their description, and is carried away by the beautiful and lovely that everywhere strews the path.



CABARET OF ELINOUR RUMMYNG.

Near the Bridge which spans the Mole are some traces of the Cabaret or Inn of the far-famed Alewife of Letherhead ; now they are with sad ill taste incorporated into the structure which supports the sign of the Running Horse. It is a pity these successors to remarkable persons, even for their own sake, if they have no pity for the feelings of the antiquary, will not consult some judicious friend when they rebuild or restore such places.

Skelton, tutor, and afterwards poet-laureate to Henry VIII., has stamped the place of residence of the old Alewife of Letherhead with deep characters of notoriety, which will not be easily obliterated. Everything proceeding from his Muse bears the mark of his satirical genius it is true, and the poem in which he refers to her is not either elegant nor free from coarseness in its allusions, but still, "The Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng" will ever cause literary tourists to stop and admire the spot where once this type of Old England's alewives dwelt.

On the title-page of the old edition of his poems, dated 1571, is a rude woodcut of an ancient, ill-favoured hag, holding in either hand, at arms length, a leathern pot or black jack, with the inscription,—

“When Skelton wore the laurel crown,
My ale put all the Alewives down.”

And if the present landlord was pound-wise he would obtain a sign and motto well copied from this title-page, and seek to restore, outwardly at least, the vestiges of antiquity, for Englishmen dearly love to “bide by” the traces of the olden time. The overhanging chambers are at any time pretty, but amidst such scenery some such memory of the past would be in good keeping.

There is little of interest in the Village itself. The infamous Judge Jeffry lodged here for a short time in concealment, it is said, in an underground vault, after the revolution of 1688. He came to see his daughter when she was at the threshold of that grave, to which he had so ruthlessly committed many an innocent one, and her funeral was solemnised, as the Register notices, on December 2nd, 1688. He who had been the willing and bloodthirsty agent of a heartless and cruel King, was then under proscription and a reward set upon his head; yet, with the tenderness which sometimes will exhibit itself in the stoniest hearts towards their own offspring, this wretched man wept bitterly, it is said, over his own dead. His daughter was living with her uncle, whose sister was married to the unhappy Judge, and who lived in the Mansion House originally built in Henry VII. reign. The old Chantry Chapel, built in that reign, still exists on the North side of the Church.

This Mansion now is used as a Grammar School, under management which has gained the very highest repute, having furnished an unwonted number of prizeboys to the Oxford and Cambridge University Middle-Class Examinations. Its grounds descend to the river Mole, and are well laid out.

The Church is very old, one of the most ancient in Surrey. It is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Nicholas. It was much enlarged and renewed early in the 14th century. It forms from many points of view a beautiful feature in the landscape, and from its summit you may obtain fine and diversified views of the most lovely points of the country adjoining. The Bells as they reverberate their happy chimes which gather echoes from the surrounding hills, lend a peculiar interest to the scene around. They are eight in number.

The East Window in the Chancel is filled with finely stained glass, which was collected by the Rev. James Dallaway, who was instituted vicar in 1804. A piscina and three stone seats still remain, used probably in former times by the Canons of Ledes.

The Monuments are handsome and invested with much interest. We regret that our space does not enable us to do more than merely point them out for further examination.

The oldest we can find is that which commemorates Robert Gardyner, of Thorncroft, Chief Sergeant of the Cellar to Queen Elizabeth. It is a brass plate near the pew of the Manor. Robert Gardyner married Anne, daughter of Robert Dethicke, of Greenwich, and sister of Sir Gilbert Dethicke. He died on November 10th, 1571, aged 73 years. The inscription was written by Thomas

Churchyard (a meet name for an epitaph writer) court poet to Queen Elizabeth, and is as follows:—

“Here fryndly Robartt Gardner lies, well born of rightt good race,
 Who sarv'd in courtt wyth credytt styll, in worthi rowlm and place,
 Cheef Sargantt of the Seller longe, whear he dyd duetty shoe,
 Wyth good regard to all degrees, as far as powre myghtt goe.
 He past hys youth in sutch good ffraem, he came to aeged years;
 And thearby porchaest honest maem, as by reportt apeers.
 A ffrynd, whear any cause he fflownd, and corttes unto all;
 Of myrry moode, and pleasantt spetch, however happ-dyd ffall.
 Ffour chyl dren for to ffornish fforth the table rownd he had
 With sober wyeff, most matren lyk, to make a man ffull glad.
 Prepared to dye long ear his day, whych argues great goode mynd;
 And told us in the other world whatt hoep he had to ffynd.
 We leave hyme whear he loektt to be—our lord receyve hys sperett
 Wyth peace and rest in Habrams brest, whear we att length may
 meett.

Against the North Wall is a white marble tablet, sacred to the memory of William Henry Spicer, Esq., Queen's Dragoon Guards, who died at his residence, the Mansion, Letherhead, 1841.

The Chancel Monuments are pretty; on the South side is one of white marble in a freestone frame elegantly sculptured, to the memory of Louisa Maria, wife of Thomas Dickens, Esq., of Vale Lodge, who died in 1833. One also in memory of Richard Byron, Rear Admiral of the White C.B., 1837. And a high pyramidical monument surmounted by an urn, records the interment of Richard Dalton, Esq., Sergeant of the Wine Cellar to Charles II., who died October 4th, 1681; with several others of greater or lesser interest in various parts of the Church.

The Vicarage, a pretty building, is now occupied by the

Rev. Benjamin Chapman, A.M., whose institution took place August 23rd, 1836. He is the author of several interesting and learned works.

The Rectory House now is known better by the name of Vale Lodge, the residence of E. Corrie, Esq.

The Register of Baptisms and Burials has been regularly continued in this parish since the year 1656, and some prior baptisms have been copied from older registers.— The marriage register commences at 1690.

The only Hotel worthy of notice is the Swan, kept by Mr. Moore.—This is a first-class house, possessing every requisite of comfortable accommodation.

The Priory, we find from Brayley's History of Surrey, was formerly a small tenement called the Link House, from a curious obligation attached to it of finding a link or torch to burn before the altar of St. Nicholas in the parish Church. It was afterwards rebuilt and enlarged, and suits well, in its style of architecture, the picturesque situation in which it stands. It is now in the occupation of Mrs. Bond.

The Priory is noted as having been the residence of W. Cotton, Esq., who here gathered together wonderful store of valuable engravings, numismatical specimens of great value, and various articles of vertu, which he bequeathed to the Museum at Portsmouth, now called after its founder, the Cottonian Museum.

A handsome Entrance Lodge and Bridge admits to Thorncroft, the residence of R. Colvin, Esq., a merchant of London. This is a beautiful mansion, receiving the advantages of trees and water to enhance the beauty of its views. The Mole runs by the Park Grounds, and the

distant hills of Norbury are seen from various parts of the demesne.

Elm Bank, lying opposite, is a small but delightful demesne adjoining the Church, now occupied by the residence of R. F. Remington, Esq. These grounds have been recently enlarged.

But we must hasten on to describe that which is indeed the noblest addition to the beauties of the neighbourhood of Letherhead, and which will make a visit to this Village of immense interest.

NORBURY PARK AND THE MOLE.

A sweet days enjoyment may be gained, at an easy rate of expense either in time or money, by a ride on the rail, and thence two miles of pedestrianism to Norbury Park. If a man be a fisher, he takes his rod, for there the Mole throws up many a ripple prophetic of a finny victim to be had below.

We will fancy him rising early and proceeding by the first train to Letherhead, and in accordance with one derivation of its name, letting Lethe preside and banish the dusty ledger from his mind. A beautiful bright morning in the beginning of the month of May will suit his purpose—when the sky is of that soft and tender blue which it possesses in the youthful year, ere the ardent rays of summer have dyed it with a deeper tint; and yet when nothing of that misty faintness of hue is present which foretells that the bright eye of heaven may be filled with tears before night falls in.



VIEW FROM NORBURY PARK.

The sky is clear though it is soft; and the light white clouds, that, winged by the breeze, speed quickly over the wide expanse, giving to the earth no trace of their passing, except the fleeting shadows which follow them, make each spot as they leave it look more bright and beautiful than before. Every object tells of the presence of the sweet maiden spring.

The light green of the trees, woods and fields, speak of freshness untouched by the burning torch of summer, reminding of the days of our early youth, ere manhood and the worlds experience come over its lithesome dreams, withering while they ripen, and snatching whole bouquets of lifes early charm away. The wild chorus of the winged choristers of the grove, singing their early hymns to heaven, seem a song of praise for the removal of dark winter, and the return of brightness to the earth. Now they make the whole air vocal with their bursting happiness and drink it in refreshed by the infusion of their song; and is there not some busy hum of animated being everywhere, that rises up from hill and dale, and wood, that joins with their songs as they float upon the breeze; and is there not a response from your bosom, dear tourist, that tells there are buds of happiness there, which revive and swell, by contact with the atmosphere that breathes around, all speaking of refreshed existence.

The primrose and the butter-cup, the oxlip and the tiny daisy paint the fields—blossoms hang upon many a tree, and perfumes less rich than Arabia, but more refreshing by far, shake their light wings in the morning air and sprinkle it with balm.

It has been said and well said, that scarce any language

can be found to do justice to the glorious prospect commanded by the hills of Norbury.

Ascend then on such a morning as that which we have recommended, such a morning as that when the heart opens, and when every vein thrills with glad existence.—When you feel, as it were, the impress of Deity on the mornings breath, hear Him in the voice of creation, see Him in His works, and have an unclouded view of the glorious canopy He has raised. How lovely the scene! Your heart must chronicle a description of it, from the hearts own feelings.

See that wide open park, the rich thick grass spread over every slope and lawn, like the velvet robe upon a maidens form, it seems to rise and swell with conscious beauty. Tread on it, oh how luxurious! so rich and thick, its elasticity almost raises the feet that press it. On its swelling bosom the fine old trees scattered in clumps or grouped in wild disorder, or gathered together in broad sweeping woods, cast a deep shadow, defined and clear, contrasting more beautifully the vivid green and the glossy softness of each. It is the beech, the yew, the walnut and the oak, that principally add their glory to that park. Such lordly trees as well have claimed high station in the forest.

Look at those yews, perhaps unequalled in girth and size, their age must be immense. Here is one twenty-three feet in its circumference, with five huge limbs, themselves worthy children of a giant, one of them measures nine feet, another nearly the same. The yew is more associated in our minds with the village churchyard, where its sombre green, its slow growth and decay, harmonises well with

the feelings produced by the locality. Gray has painted in few words this kindred association—

“Beneath the rugged elms, the yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of our hamlet sleep.”

But here it meets us as a fit ornament to the forest, and enhances the scenery thereof, making as it does, so beautiful a background for trees with lighter foliage.

And those glorious oaks and those mighty beeches—beeches, which Evelyn speaks of as “the handsomest of forest trees”—they all, especially the yews, carry you so far back into such wondrous scenes of the old worlds history; these stood when monuments built to last were reared, which now are crumbled to the dust. Between them many a glade stretches and many a lovely lawn appears; and mark how, when the trees break away, a wide, noble extended view presents itself, showing a rich fertile country beyond, full of green hedgerows and fields broken and diversified by little hamlets, and the villages of Mickleham and Letherhead in the distance, all mingling an air of wealth, prosperity and living gladness with the bright sweetness of the morning and the calm tranquility of the park itself.

And now get out your fishing tackle and descend to the river Mole; 12 acres of the park are devoted to this stream; 95 acres by meadow and pasture land are filled; 110 by woods and plantations, and about 300 by the park and pleasure grounds; in all 527 acres. It may not be amiss if, while we are strolling towards the river, I tell you something about the place and its owners.

It derives its name from its situation on the North side of the parish of Mickleham, in which this manor is included. In the Domesday-Book it is stated to have been in the possession of Oswald, a Saxon thane, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Afterwards the Earl of Gloucester held it by the tenure of military service in 1315. In succession it was held by the Wymbledon family from the year 1435 to the fourteenth year of the reign of Henry VII., when it was assigned to Thomas Stydolf, who had wedded Isabel, one of the co-heiresses of John Wymbledon. His family resided here for many generations, but there arising fault of issue male, the estates were eventually sold to Anthony Chapman, Esq., in 1766.

That gentleman, after having ruthlessly cut down almost all the walnut trees which had for so many ages reared their lordly heads, the glory of the park, sold Norbury in 1774, to William Lock, a man so highly distinguished for the taste which seemed to reside in him and fill his whole soul, that he became the subject of the poets praise. Gilpin gives him this eulogy,—

If taste, correct and pure,
Grounded on practice; or, what more avails
Than practice, observation justly formed,
Of Nature's best example and effects,
Approve the landscape; if judicious Lock
See not an error he would wish removed,
Then boldly deem thyself the heir of fame.

At that time fortunately the old house, which was most injudiciously placed at the roadside on the lower side of the park became ruinous, and (as might be supposed) Mr. Lock chose the very best site that could be selected

for a new erection. He placed the present mansion on the crest of the hill opposite that where the old house (now transformed into a farm yard) stood, a site which for loveliness of situation and the splendour of the scenery it commands is rarely surpassed.

Mr. Lock dying, Norbury was sold twice, and afterwards became the subject of an exchange with the late possessor, H. Sperling, Esq. He too was a great improver, and though it would seem so little remained to be done, he added to the lovely prospects by the removal of a chalk hill, and made with considerable engineering skill a winding road which renders the house more easy of approach, while it also diversifies the drive in a very charming manner. A new bridge of three arches has taken the place of the wooden bridge, and as it spans the Mole adds considerable beauty to the scene. Norbury Park is now in the occupation of T. Grissell, Esq.

And at last we have arrived at the river Mole. A court beauty under the reign of the queen of rivers it would seem. Just get out a green drake fly; that will do some execution on this stream. It is a fine river for "jacks" a little earlier. You should then at least have a minnow in your book. But now it is May, sweet May! I saw the waters in April so muddy that for days the gentle stream could not shake off the vile sediment, and then there was many a good basket of fish caught with baits of various kinds; the common worm is good, the maggot is better.

It is considered most unsportsmanlike to use the minnow for bait, but far better would it be to do so, and only keep the larger fish, throwing back the smaller ones into the

water for future capture. You may have a certain rule to guide you as to the sized fish to put into your basket and the size to cast away, as by having a scale marked on your fishing rod you can measure your fish when caught.

Well, now, cast out your line, you have a respectable cast, for here the river is broad, you can scarce cast your line across it. Well, you must be a little patient,—You cannot expect to catch a fish the moment you throw in. I'll just tell you about the Mole from this to its source, and that will amuse you, and we will have a word about fishing in general; but keep a sharp look out, for the fish here bite fiercely when they take.

The Mole is called so from the fact that it hides itself in the earth, finding its way underground for a considerable distance, and rising again at Letherhead. But we shall examine this phenomenon more particularly presently. I see you are not a great proficient at the piscatory science. Cast out very little line at first, perhaps about the length of your rod, and then increasing by degrees, you will soon be able to throw full across and with precision. Ah! now you have a fine fish; let him down the stream a little. Now bring him close to the shore. Stay! It is safer to land him with the net. For this stream it is a very excellent fish, exactly three pounds weight I find. How do I know it is just three pounds? I will tell you. This inch measure which I have on the handle of my rod for two feet up, has enabled me to measure his length, and I find him to be nineteen inches long by ten inches in girth; and you will find that in that ratio exactly will be his weight. A trout seventeen inches long by eight will weigh two pounds, and so on, always supposing them to

be well fed fish. This is in accordance, as you suppose, with the mathematical law, that similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions.

Now take another cast and I will proceed.

The river Mole—its name derived as we said from its habits (though some far fetch its derivation from the Latin word molla, a mill, on account of the fact mentioned in Doomsday-Book of there having been twenty places possessing mills upon its banks), receives its strength from a number of small springs on the border of Sussex.

These, forming rivulets, meet at Gatwick in Surrey; and passing Horley, the Mole having received them into her bosom, runs northward to Kinnersly Bridge. Then, taking a north-westerly direction it reaches Betchworth, and passing through its lovely vales in a meandering course round the foot of Boxhill and under Burford Bridge, it wends its hastening way and proceeds in a winding channel through the beautiful Vale of Mickleham, whence it glides on to form one of the brightest gems of Norbury Park.

The fishing is here preserved, but it is not impossible to obtain permission from the proprietor to gather some of the finny treasures of its liquid mines, as is best proved by our being here to day. Ah! another strong pull! What fly is that? The alder-fly! Well, the alder I always feel to be an excellent early fly. At most seasons it appears in large quantities before the May-fly comes in. When, however, the May-fly arrives it is the most killing of all flies at this season. See, even now, what numbers of these alder-flies are skimming the water! See how they leave the alder trees and sport in the bright sunshine,

enjoying the pleasures of their brilliant though short-lived existence !

The alder leaf is nice and tender now. I like this tree ; it seems to put out its beautiful dark leaves so joyously to the sun, and gladdens so under the showers of heaven as they fall. You have had your bottom line fairly carried away ! Well ! I do not wonder at that. I saw that trout, he was indeed a giant ; I saw him several times swallowing down May-flies, but I did not think your alder would have coaxed him. That fellow will not probably be caught again this season with the artificial fly ; and yet, I should not wonder if even to-day he took the natural, he seemed very hungry.

Lend me your rod a moment, since, in my position as guide and historian of the river for you, I have brought none, and I will put on a natural fly. Cruelty do you call it ? Well you may say it is cruelty, but I do not entirely agree with you in that ; nor do I entirely hold with him who says, that a worm when trod upon feels as much pain as when a giant dies.

The Great Creator has wonderfully adapted insects for the destiny they have to fulfil, and the perils they are exposed to. And if I said that insects felt scarce any pain in mutilation or death, I think I should not be far wrong. One single instance—take a dragon-fly and put before him honied water, and then while he drinks, cut off with a sharp knife his entire body close to the wings, and with the utmost composure he will still drink in the honied stream, which, like Baron Munchausen's horse, but not fabulously as that horse, passes in at one end and out at the other ; careless of this he drinks on still and will live sometimes for days, until at last he gently bleeds to death.

Isaac Walton says—"In hooking your frog, treat him as though you loved him." I cannot bear hooking a frog, he is so like some acquaintances of mine with long legs, and their arms a-kimbo with arrogance, while they have such poor pitiful, foolish looking faces; but a fly seems a different thing.

Well, we will now try master trout again. "Sore in the mouth," you say—"Wont take anything now." Well, we shall see. The fact is, fishes do not easily get sore in the mouth. They are by no means the sensitive creatures that the warmer blooded animals are. It cannot be doubted that their nervous system is different, and certainly there are no nerves, as experiment will show, in the cartilaginous part of their mouths where the hook usually fixes itself.

A proof that a fish hooked cannot be a great sufferer is in the fact, that often and often, a salmon, trout, or pike has been known to take the natural fly, even though the artificial was still hanging in his mouth. You can't believe it! A fact is not less a fact because you will not believe it. Every long experienced fisherman will tell you that the same thing which I relate has occurred to him more than once in some form or another. Know, oh unbeliever! that I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and lines that they had broken attached thereto. But never heed! you will gain experience of many curious things if you pursue a fishers life. But you have broken the line of my narration.

I was tracing the path of the Mole. From this Park of Norbury it glides along if "sullen," certainly beautiful, to Letherhead, where a bridge of fourteen arches, as we

have said, spans it. Here it is swelled by the accession of a stream from Fetcham Mill, whose pond is self-supporting, or rather fed from springs that bubble up through the ground, similar to those in Mr. Torr's lake at Ewell. It then passes behind the residence of a gentleman who with great liberality throws the river, without a restriction open to the public all through his grounds and meadows. Many a weary citizen has blessed the gift which has enabled him to leave his plodding scene behind, and enjoy a fishing hour in Letherhead meadows.

It then passes through Randall's Park, the residence of R. Henderson, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and at Cobham is crossed by two pretty bridges. It now wanders "variously" through scenes of surpassing beauty, ere it suddenly breaks into a most uninteresting country by Esher, where it is clasped to the bosom of its quondam suitor, Old Father Thames.

The reason I call him its quondam suitor is, on account of Drayton's beautiful episode, in which he writes down Old Thames as captivated by the charms of this soft and gentle stream, but the young river's mother refuses to let her become the "old man's darling." The young river herself, like many young ladies, just because she was opposed, used double exertions to obtain her wishes; but we had better quote the poet himself; the passage occurs in his *Poly Olbion*.

The Medway was his affianced bride, while many rivers wooed his glance as he glided on his way towards his promised one,—

"But as they thus, in pomp came sporting on the shole,
'Gainst Hampton Court he meets the soft and gentle Mole,

Whose eye so pierced his breast, that seeming to foreslow
The way which he, so long, intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wandereth here and there ;
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applied himself to fords, and setteth his delight

On that which most might make him gracious in her sight."

His parents wishing to prevent any ill effects on their son from the charms of this soft and gentle river, endeavour to make him "pass on"—

"But Thames would hardly on: oft turning back to show
From his much-loved Mole, how lothe he was to go."

Holmesdale, like many mothers, had her own idea of her daughter's worth, and opposed the match strenuously, perhaps more on account of Thames' loose morals than from any objection on the score of wealth, for Thames was an elder son, and in this view a decidedly eligible match:—

"But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compared to that high joy to be beloved of Thames,
And headlong holds her course his company to win,
But Holmesdale raised hills to keep the straggler in.
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt,
Yet never was there help but love could find it out."

And then we are told the full and true account, reason and philosophy of the Swallows, which but for this might have puzzled philosophers to the end of the world.

"Mole digs herself a path, by working night and day
(According to her name to show her nature right),
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep
Till gotten out of sight, far from her mothers keep,
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run ;
As longing to embrace old Tame' and Isis' son."

Whether the marriage was a happy one or not history

does not tell, or whether there was a marriage at all, but at all events Thames must have led a life with her, for she seems to have had a sullen temper—that most devilish of all tempers, which makes a man a torment to himself and a wretched, miserable, contemptible pest to society—if Milton be right when he calls her, “The sullen Mole that runneth underneath.”

Thompson and Dodsley also immortalize the maiden or wife, whichever she was at the time she waked their muse; but Spencer has a fanciful mention of this river, which argues that either Father Thames ruled himself by Eastern rather than British law, or that the Medway was his first wife, and afterwards the Mole; for in his own beautiful poetry he pictures the Medway giving her hand and heart to Thames, and the Mole with other rivers guests at the marriage feast; however—

What! was it the poetry or the flies that have attracted to my line? There was a nibble. Ha! there is a bite. He has taken, and a large fellow he is too! Now for it! Take the landing net! How he pulls! In with him! So! Why, verily, it is your voracious friend; look at the line hanging from his lips. Can you now believe that strange tale of mine as you called it, that a trout with an artificial fly fixed in his mouth may shortly after take the natural?

It is, indeed, a most curious fact, but often verified by actual experience, that, if possible, fish that have been hooked by the artificial fly, will be even more voracious after the natural in a brief time afterwards; and only, I think, to be accounted for by the supposition that the fish was interrupted in his meal by the first shock of the rod,

but that his short digression increased the force of his hunger, while the wound was after a short time forgotten, or from the nerveless nature of the cartilaginous tissue of the mouth scarcely felt.

But again to resume my history of the Mole. We were speaking of the Swallows a while ago, which is the name given to an extraordinary disappearance of the waters of this river for considerable distances of its course, though it seems somewhat of an exaggeration of Camden's when he talks of the inhabitants of Surrey "being able to boast a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep." The Swallows may be seen, especially in dry summers, at work in two deep pools adjoining the Fridley meadows, and there you may hear the water distinctly rushing into some hollows underneath. The chalk districts of England abound more or less with such hollows.

In the Mole-Swallows the return of winter brings back the water, and then the peculiar nature of this phenomenon is less evident. There are, however, different opinions on the nature of the disappearance of these waters. While some are fully confident that the waters sink by open channels into the bosom of the earth; others think that there are no regular tunnels underground, but that the water merely spreads its whole body so thinly over the ground as to be scarcely perceptible, sinking into a soft soil. Though this supposition now largely prevails, yet it will not account for the gurgling sounds emitted at times when the river is low.

Defoe in his work entitled, "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," tells a curious tale of the damming up of the Mole by a party of gentlemen, whose event

was that "in about two nights and a day, exclusive of the time they took in making the dams, the water sunk all away in the field, and the fish being surrounded were caught, as it were, in a trap; and the purchase fully recompensed their labour, for the like quantity of fish, great and small, he believes was never taken at once in this kingdom out of so small a river.

I remember seeing a grand instance of this kind of fishing at Brussels about 1858, when the Royal Ponds were drained and every inhabitant of their deeps laid bare to the view. This operation takes place by a statute once in every seven years, and the fish then taken were valued to the Royal Treasury at the immense sum of 40,000*l*. They were quickly transferred to every market that was available for their sale. The sight was one that never could be forgotten.

The evening is now drawing on apace, the fishermans success has been various, according to the multitudinous little reasons for his failure, or the ascendancy of his happy star.

Trout fishing has ever been a favourite amusement with the good, the witty, and the wise, and I dare say, in spite of the whining lamentations of the unsuccessful, or the risk of incurring censure from the over sensitive and ultra-humane, that the lover of this sport, if success attend his efforts, will confess that he knows nothing more delightful than a day's trout fishing, especially when he can choose the stream and the situation, and taking into account that the fish are in a neck or nothing humour for rising. I refer in this entirely to fly-fishing. Certainly the minnow is a noble bait, but it is not so purely classical or ethereal

as the tiny artificial fly; the fabrication of which even, possesses a charm and demands the exercise of skill. This is trebly the case at the heart gladdening season of the year when Nature's voice, speaking in soft southern breezes, reclothes the meadows with robes of velvet green and golden flowers; and there are awakened in the young leaved woods and glades sweet songs which speak felicity and love.

Still every day must have its ending, and between the scenery that has charmed our eyes and the fresh air that has expanded our lungs, the healthy feelings of our stomachs have arisen to such a pitch, that to prevent open rebellion they must receive their demands, therefore let us away from these happy retreats.

There can be but one opinion as to where we shall dine. It will, indeed, be a late dinner, but dine we must, and at the Swan, in Letherhead, it must be, if we wish pleasantly to conclude. This excellent Hotel is well situate for tourist or fisherman. It is kept by Mr. Moore, who is most civil and attentive to his patrons—his viands are, in every department, of the best; and his beds such as scarcely require a wearied traveller to prove them comfortable resting places. There every thing can be learned regarding the pleasantest routes for the morrow; or fresh impulse given by a comfortable early meal for a new attack upon the finny tribe. A basket can be sent on with a complete bankside dinner, or a vehicle procured to carry you on to any point you may desire.

If the tourist do what is both wise and pleasant, he will bring down the whole family here, nurse, children and all; Mrs. Moore will take special care of them in her most

comfortable family apartments, and every one can then have a share in paterfamilias' enjoyment. And what with good humour, and what with good air, health and appetite will be the order of the day.

I always like to provide for my retreat, a good general always does; and if the weather prove unpropitious, retreat I say to the Swan; there ruminate on what you have seen of Nature's beauties, and be thankful to God for having so beautified the world of your habitation; and you will in the contemplation of Him and of His handiwork, receive the highest enjoyment man's nature is capable of.

And happy shall we be, if, gratified by your spring visit to the gentle Mole you have imbibed enough of the witchery of its scenery, and enough experienced the fruitful character of its streams, to cause you to make the Scotch bard's lay your own.

"Though we maun follow wi the lave
(Grim death he heucks us a)
We'll have anither fishing bout
Before we're ta'en awa.
Ay, we will try those streams again
When summer suns are fine,
And throw the flies together yet,
For the day's of auld lang syne!"

CHAPTER VIII.



THE pretty Village of Banstead lies about three miles from Epsom at the South. The Downs which separate it from Epsom, are called as commonly Banstead, as Epsom Downs. We shall follow the common designation and call them the Downs of Banstead. The range of Chalk hills, which form the prominent feature here, extend into Kent.

The general Manor of Bansted or Banestede, has a place and a name in Doomsday-Book, which, as we have quoted in other instances, we may not omit in this.

“Richard (de Tonbridge) holds Benestede of the Bishop (of Baieux). Alnod or Alnoth held it of King Edward; and it was then assessed at 29 hides, now at $9\frac{1}{2}$ hides. There is a church, and seven bondmen; and a mill (probably worked by horses, as windmills were not then used in England, and no water power existed). In Southwark, one house valued at 40 pence belongs to this manor, and Alnoth held a mansion in London pertaining to the demesne, which Adam Fitz-Hubert now holds of the Bishop. The whole manor, in the time of King Edward, was valued at 10*l.*, &c. Gosfrid holds under Richard.”

There are seven Manors in this parish notwithstanding its comparatively small size. We shall refer to them in order—and first, Bansted. Before the reign of Henry I., this manor was sold to Tirel de Maniers, by Richard de Tonbridge; and his daughter married the Earl of Salisbury, whose grandson was one of the Barons who opposed the proceedings of King John.

To pass on to the times of Henry III., the Earl Hubert who was his minister held these estates and built a mansion here, of which some remains still exist. Subsequently the manor became vested in the crown, part of the estate was given to Margaret the Queen of Edward I., and Philippa the Consort of Edward III. At the last, King Henry VIII. settled it on Katherine of Aragon, who had been married to his brother, and whom, on that brother's death, Henry wedded himself. She granted a lease of it to Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington.

This Sir Nicholas Carew was a man whose life was eventful, and whose end was tragic. He was introduced to the Court when very young, and became a very great favourite with the capricious Henry VIII. He shared his sports, and masques and tournaments, indeed, soon was a constant companion of the King, who descended to the greatest familiarity with his favourites. In 1523, he became Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter; but alas for gratitude, it seems but little to dwell in Courts! no surprise to me, for the selfishness of the monarch will scarce foster real love in the subject, and the courtier is almost forced by his position to be the most selfish of men.—Suffice it to say, Sir Nicholas yielded to the fascinations of Henry Pole (Lord Montague), the

Marquis of Exeter, and others, being of that everfruitful source of conspiracy the Catholic religion, to join in an attempt for overthrowing the government of King Henry, and placing Cardinal Pole upon the throne.

This conspiracy, well known to the student of English history, resulted in the execution of all the conspirators. Sir Nicholas underwent the last office of the law in 1539, at the age of forty-three, when Holinshed tells us he made "a goodly confession both of his fault and superstitious faith." Of course his lands reverted to the Crown.

Sir Francis Carew, his only son, was in the household of Queen Mary, and a favourite page of hers. When he came of age he obtained through her favour the restitution of his ancestral inheritance, when he erected a magnificent mansion at Beddington, in which he had the honour of being twice visited by Queen Elizabeth, 1599-1600. The Manor of Banstead, part of this inheritance, was restored with the other parts, and descended to Sir Nicholas Hacket Carew, who sold the manor to Rowland Frye, Esq. whose nephew succeeded him, and from whom again his nephew, William Morris, who took the name of Frye, received the inheritance. This gentleman left the estate to his daughter, who married Captain Spencer, who died, and the widow now holds the manor. The house called Banstead Park is now occupied by J. Maudesley, Esq., of the great engineering firm of Maudesley & Son.

The Manor of Burgh was sold in 1614 to Christopher Buckle, Esq., son of Sir Cuthbert Buckle, who was Lord Mayor of London 1593. It is now in possession of the Reverend William Lewis Buckle, who is also, both Rector and Vicar. He possesses also the Manor of Little Bergh.

The Manor of Perrotts as it is called, was purchased, in 1517, from Alexander Charlwood, by the family of Lambert, whose successors have held it ever since and in whose possession it now is.

Lastly, the ancient Manor of Tadworth, of which mention is made in the Domesday-Book, as having been in two parts, North and South. This manor is now in the possession of Mrs. Hudson.

The Church, which is dedicated to All Saints, is situated on high ground, and its spire is visible from considerable distance. This spire is very much out of the perpendicular and has not been otherwise within the memory of man; the tower, however, which contains a fine peal of bells, is a massive and well-built pile. This church is remarkable for the beauty of its pointed arches. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, and north and south chancels.

The East Window has stained glass with the arms of the Buckle family dated 1610. There is a handsome altar-piece of carved oak. The old carved oak pews are very curious.

The Monuments and Inscriptions are many. Those of the Lambert family commencing with that of Sir Daniel Lambert, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1741, and that of Dame Mary Lambert, relict of the above, are of well wrought architectural design.

We shall particularize but one other, which is of ancient date. It is very simple but interesting; its inscription is as follows :—

“Here lyeth interred ye body of Ruth Brett, the late wife of George Brett, citizen and goldsmith of London, and daughter of Mr. Edward Lambert, of this parish; she departed this lyfe the Sixt day of Nov., A.D. 1647.”

“ Behold the mirroure of her sex and kind,
Nature adorned her frame, virtue her mind ;
Yet could they not retain her wasting breath,
Nor free her from the fatal stroke of death ;
Her time is spent, the splendid sun is set,
In whose bright spirit all the Graces met ;
What good so’ere in woman kind was found,
In this good woman richly did abound ;
Faith, Hope, and Charity her actions blest ;
Each in her soule was a most welcome guest.
Life wrought her death, but death to her brought life,
Such was the fate of this rare virtuous wife.

National Schools were erected in 1858 by subscription. They are managed by a committee, of which the Rector is chairman. About eighty children receive education. The master is Mr. Vivian.

The Rectory House adjoins the Church.—Rev. William Lewis Buckle, A.M., instituted 1832, resides here.

The Church Registers are of unusually ancient date, being nearly perfect from the year 1546.

The extensive demesne of Nork is in the possession of the Rt. Hon. Earl of Egmont who resides frequently here. The house, one of whose wings is a chapel, is an elegant mansion standing on a richly wooded eminence. Beautiful views are obtained of a great extent of country, and the timber is of good growth. Rich meadows interspersed with woodlands, and hedgerows of the pink and white hawthorn stretch away towards the north, and the extent of the plantations render it an agreeable and handsome summer residence.

Banstead Park, lately occupied by Horatio Kemble, Esq., and now in the occupation of J. Maudesley, Esq., is an elevated residence possessing fine views; the principal front looks towards the west and is surrounded by lawns, paddocks and woodlands. At the rear is an extensive wood.

Banstead Place, the property of Capt. W. H. L. Fitz Roy, is an excellent house surrounded by about two hundred acres of ground, and well wooded. And lastly we would mention Garretts Hall, the seat of John Lambert, Esq., which partakes of the advantages which the elevated position of this part of the country gives, in fine views and healthy bracing air. Bergh House is not at present inhabited.

There is a comfortable Inn much frequented by Londoners, who here attain a fine healthy bracing change. It is picturesquely situate and commands an extensive view towards the north. Mr. Richardson, the landlord, has adapted his arrangements to meet the requirements of visitors, and for cleanliness, regularity and every attention, this house cannot be surpassed. The gardens are laid out with taste, and seats placed in the best situations for the enjoyment of the lovely prospect.

The Village of Banstead, placed as it is amidst most beautiful scenery and drives, forms the most pleasing contrast that can be imagined to the smoky and confined region of the great city.

It seems to have been at one time of much greater extent than it is at present; old foundations are frequently struck upon in several fields around, which have given rise to a tradition which I had from an old shepherd, that

Banstead was once an extensive city; but the great difficulty of obtaining water at so great a height would render this an improbable supposition, as beauty of situation would have had a serious drawback in scantiness of the supply of this most needful adjunct.

This tradition is probably a confusion of this place with Woodcote, which is not far from Banstead. I mean the Woodcote which lies near Croydon. Evelyn speaks of it when he says in letter to Toland,—“I do not find you have yet made your journey about Banstead, where was the famous Woodcote of which you find mention in Mr. Barton’s notes upon Antoninus’ Itinerary. There are to this day Roman coins, urns, and bricks, &c., dug up by the rustics.” This Woodcote is in the parish of Beddington and close to Croydon. Numbers of urns and antique relics, apparently of Roman origin, have been found, and are every day still turning up whether by the deep ploughing of the team or the simple tilling of the garden.

The ancient road called the Stane Street road, which crosses this country from north to south even to the sea, passed by Woodcote, near to Banstead, and passing Ashstead proceeded to Guildford. Any such place so near Banstead will make it worthy of a visit from the antiquary.

Camden and other antiquaries agree in fixing the station which Ptolemy calls Noiomagus, and Antoninus, as we said Noviomagus at Woodcote.

Camden says, “here are evident traces of a small town and several walls of flints, and the neighbours talk much of its populousness and wealth and many nobles;” (just as the peasantry will do).

Gale, in his Commentary on Antoninus, conceives how-

ever the tradition of its importance to be well founded, because of "foundations of houses, tracts of streets, hewn stones, tiles, and above all, the number of wells here met with, and some of an extraordinary depth."

Horsley also in his *Britannia Romana* considers Woodcote to be the site of the city of *Noviomagus*.

Suffice it that such heroes of antiquarian lore have fought for their various opinions, and so many held for this city ground so near Banstead. It will be, with these books in the hand of the tourist, of Camden, Gale, Barton and Horsley, somewhat like enchanted ground, which you need but people with the mail-clad Belgic warrior, as he stood, perhaps, on this very spot to scan the country round in search of friend or foe.

EPSOM RACES.

Although the tenor of our mind and the object of our book is by no means in the path of horse-racing, we can scarcely pass by that which forms a chief characteristic of Epsom, namely, its Races, which occur on what in old documents is called Banstead Downs, but more correctly the Downs of Epsom. Epsom Down is, in the times of spring and summer, perhaps the most lovely spot within reach of London, and it is by no means necessary to suppose that every one who goes there is influenced by the expectation or desire of seeing a race. The chief races occupy very few moments of time, and the newspapers of the next day would give a far better idea of the incidents

of these; but the Downs themselves have an unwonted charm.

To the hard working Londoner any country scene is refreshing, but the views around the course are among the most lovely in all England. If there be the beauties of an azure sky to canopy the masses of foliage and the green turf, a shining sun, with the leaves of the forest fluttering in the breeze, and the glad birds singing their joyous notes, one can wander there alone and acknowledge the gentle empire of nature.

But when it is the time of the great Olympic gala, then it is acknowledged that the presence of nearly 200,000 people massed closely together, makes, with the surrounding scene, one of the most wonderful sights the world has to show.

The student of nature and the student of human character will find abundant material to point a moral or to adorn a tale. We will not enter into the subject as to whether the breed of horses, which makes England so remarkable, could or could not be obtained and maintained by less objectionable modes of culture. We believe it just as possible that she would excel in her horses as she does in her various cattle, through the pride, strength and energy of the national character, were horse-racing for ever abolished. But since she chooses this mode she will have her way; and until our Bishops put in such a protest as will do away with the assertion that they give tacit encouragement to the race of the Derby-Day, we are not likely to see racing changed for more harmless modes of encouraging the breed of swift horses.

We will simply quote from Brayley's History of Surrey

his words regarding the Epsom Races. He says, "We have no precise account of the origin thereof; but there is a vague yet not improbable tradition, that it was coeval with the residence of James I. at the Palace of Nonsuch in the early part of the seventeenth century. They would seem to have been continued at irregular intervals, and Clarendon acquaints us that in the year 1648, a meeting of the Royalists was held on Banstead Downs under the pretence of a horse race. Since the year 1730 these races have been continued annually; but prior to 1779 when the Oaks Stakes were established, the prizes were confined to plates, which were run for in heats, the common practice of that period."

The Spring Races are held annually, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday immediately before Whitsuntide, except when Easter-Monday occurs in March, in which case they are held in the first or second week following Whitsuntide. The principal stakes run for on the Epsom Course at the Summer Meeting, are the Derby, which derives its name from a great patron of the turf, the late Earl of Derby; and the Oaks, which is so called from "the Oaks," the seat of the same Earl, in Surrey.

On the Derby-Day, Parliament does not sit, all business seems suspended, and there is one vast acknowledged, though not enforced holiday. Wonderful speed has been attained on this course—the famous horse Eclipse ran here, Mr. Merry's Thormanby the winner of the Derby of the present year arrived at scarcely a less speed to the goal. The Grand Stand, which can contain, we hear, in its various floors, nearly 5,000, is the lucrative property of Mr.

Dorling, of Epsom. The Queen attended the Derby in 1840. So intent seem all, who can by any means reach Epsom on a Derby-Day, on attaining their ends, that it is doubted whether, even the invasion of our shores, if that improbable possibility should come to pass at the period of that remarkable meeting, would interfere with the exhibition of this great festival.

The Stewards of the Course for the year 1860 were The Duke of Beaufort; The Hon. Admiral Rous; The Earl of Portsmouth; Arthur Heathcote, Esq.; C. H. Carew, Esq.

The Judge, Mr. J. F. Clark.

The Clerk of the Course, Mr. Henry Dorling.

CHAPTER IX.



HESSINGTON, though a distinct parish, is ecclesiastically joined with that of Maldon. It is bounded on the South by Epsom; on the North and East by Maldon; and on the West by Stoke D'Abernon. Beautiful for situation is its little hamlet, for scarce can we call it a village. It is very scattered but surrounded on all sides by fine woodland. A small stream runs purlingly near the Church, where an eminence, evidently artificial, is situate, which, from Roman coins having been found here, seems to be stamped as one of the many encampments with which Surrey abounds.

There were anciently two manors in Chessington, which are mentioned in Domesday-Book as having belonged severally to Robert de Watville and Milo Crispin. One was called Cisendone and the other Cisedune.

When the Monasteries were suppressed, Chessington was granted by King Henry VIII. to Wm. Saunder, Esq., in 1537, and after various changes, was conveyed by Thomas Hatton, Esq., to Edward Northey, Esq., of Epsom. At his death William Northey, Esq., became its

possessor. He sold it to Joseph Smith Gosse, Esq., and from him it descended to his son, Henry Gosse, Esq., who now holds the manor.

We have little to speak of regarding the Village itself; but the Church is possessed of some interest, and the Seats and Parks around are beautifully situate on swelling ground, and clothed with the most lovely timber. The Church is a picturesque building, consisting of nave, chancel, and south transept. A wooden turret rises from the roof and contains two small bells. The porch is of oak, which seems to have suffered from the effects of age. The chancel is of a length nearly equal to that of the nave, and possesses several small windows with stained glass. There is here a small piscina of evident antiquity, and the remains of what seems to have been a confessional, of oaken lattice work, may still be seen.

The Monuments are few and very simple; one of them is interesting as being inscribed with lines written by the late Dr. Charles Burney, father of Madame D'Arblay, so well-known in the world of letters. It is to the memory of Samuel Crisp, Esq., who died in 1783. She relates that he had been, in Dr. Burney's early life, to him as "guide, philosopher, and friend." The lines are as follow:

"Reader, this cold and humble spot contains
The much lamented, much revered remains
Of one whose wisdom, learning, taste and sense,
Good humoured wit, and wide benevolence,
Cheered and enlightened all this hamlet round,
Wherever genius, worth or want was found,
To few it is that courteous Heaven imparts
Such depth of knowledge, and such taste in arts;
Such penetration and enchanting powers

Of brightening social and convivial hours.
Had he, through life, been blest by Nature kind
With health robust of body as of mind ;
With skill to serve and charm mankind so great,
In arts, in science, letters, church or state ;
His name the Nations Annals had enrolled
And virtues to remotest ages told."

The Registers have been kept since 1656.

The National School affords instruction to about seventy boys and girls. It is situate upon the turnpike-road. The Rev. William Chetwynd Stapylton, M. A. the Rev. William Fursden, with Henry Gosse, Esq., are the patrons of this school, and Mr. James Cooper has been master for eighteen years.

The chief Gentlemen's Seats are, Barwell Court, belonging to Mr. Cardus.—The demesne is extensive and well-wooded with the command of agreeably varied scenery. The house is commodious and its situation well chosen. Chessington Hall, called "The Hall;" which is occupied by George Chancellor, Esq. This was a large old-fashioned country mansion encircled by trees, its dimensions are now of more limited extent, but it is a most comfortable residence. Here Mr. Crisp, whose epitaph is quoted above, lived for some time with his friend Christopher Hamilton, Esq. Chessington Lodge, which is occupied by F. Kelley, Esq.; this is an agreeable residence near the turnpike-road. And Strawberry Hill, the residence of Samuel Clarke, Esq., who has greatly enlarged the house and improved the demesne.

The pretty Parsonage is at present occupied by Rev. William Fursden, the excellent curate of this parish, who has resided here some years.

CHAPTER X.



OTANY, from the Greek word "*βοτάνη*," an Herb, is the science of simples, which shows how to distinguish the several kinds of plants and vegetables. But what is a plant? What is a vegetable? These are terms which the most ignorant presume they understand, but which the most learned are unable to define. Tell a Boor that it is not easy to distinguish a vegetable from an animal, and he will laugh you to scorn. But show him certain polypes, and certain animals, and he will, by silence at least, confess "he knows not how it be."

"The badge of ignorance and the curse of fools," is this self confidence which imagines it knows all; the wise alone confess to doubt, and those who know the most are most ready to confess how little the wisest know. Yet the wisest philosopher has failed to define a plant, although the fact is no less patent

Similar is it through all the departments of nature. Nature is full of facts, but replete with mystery, for the God of nature is infinite, man finite; the God of nature is mysterious, but his facts true. What is more mysterious

than the union of the body with the spirit which animates it? What more beyond our comprehension, than the mode in which we live and move and have our being? Can we to the full understand the nature of the wind? but yet we know there is such a thing, when we behold the hurricane rending down the habitations of men, or tossing the waterwave wildly to the skies, We know that the wind does exist when the soft evening breeze bends these flowers, or is heard drawing forth the soft music of the rustling trees. And yet the wisest philosopher cannot tell what is the nature of this agent. So we say, here are plants, we can show them before your eyes but cannot tell what a plant or what a vegetable is.

Who that has wandered in sunny lands beneath Eastern skies, or that has trodden the mountain steep where nature seems to revel in her rugged loneliness.—Who that has wandered through the verdant lanes flanked by the flowery bank, has not felt the charm that, from Eastern lands the rich exotic, or at home, the wild flower of the field can give?

But greater far his pleasure who wanders among these scenes with a cultivated mind. A want is felt, which the greatest charms cannot supply, to *know* each plant, and to determine their different genera and species. Linnæus says, “that Order serves, like the clue of Ariadne, to guide the otherwise wandering mind through the devious mazes of nature’s labyrinth.”—In original,

“Pilum ariadneum est systema, sine quo Chaos.”

The very trees, when classed, afford a greater charm.

Especially is this felt by the traveller as he passes through countries abounding with the productions of

nature in almost every grade, from the most majestic and beautiful, to the most diminutive and deformed. He longs to know their history.

When amid the mountains of arid climes which arise in awful sublimity, their summits piercing the clouds, his wonder is excited; but when he sees their sloping sides adorned, as if by magic art, with the various species of *Melichrysum*, *Graphalium*, &c., whose beautiful flowers of red and silky white vary and enrich the scene; while scented geraniums and pelargoniums, glowing with loveliness, intermixed with numerous species of shrubby or arborescent heath, compose a landscape of unrivalled magnificence—a scene over which the eye wanders with delight from beauty to beauty, until fatigued with splendour, it reposes perhaps on the light silvery foliage of the *Leucadendron argenteum*, or the vigorous green of the spreading oak, citizen of every land, or the still deeper hue of the aspiring pine, he longs to look deeper into these treasures.

At one hand he sees a gushing waterfall pouring its transparent streams down the craggy ravine, at the other a gentle purling brook meandering through meadows adorned with every imaginable brilliancy of hue.—But whether in arid climes, or in mountainous regions where the nimble but surefooted goat appears on the margin of frightful eminences, and where the handsome elk bounds by with gracefulness and speed, or at home where the sweetest types of mingled richness and loveliness prevail; the pursuit of this entrancing study will add charms to every prospect. The student of Botany will never want in any scene objects of interest for his mind and pencil:

not a corner of them all but abounds with slaves of his pleasure, which the magic touch of his wand will cause to arise.

Beautiful as exotics may be, the trees and flowers that abound in our own varying clime are second to none as matters of interest to those who are versed in this science of Botany which has employed the noblest minds.

Take with you a small microscope or strong magnifying glass, a pair of scissors, a needle, a flower pincers and a pouch, and you are supplied with the weapons of your gentle warfare. At home, a few quires of blotting paper for the first preservation of specimens, and a hortus siccus with a few stray leaves for notes, will form your library, and if joined with some clear synopsis, such as Trentham's Manual of the English Flora, a little mental exertion will enable you to obtain the names of your gathered treasures.

We do not propose to attempt the Botany of this whole district, which would require a volume, but merely to point to a few of those species which seem more profusely scattered here, especially those more peculiar to this special neighbourhood, hoping thereby to lead those, for whom we write, to become *beginners* in a science so interesting and a pleasure so cheap.

Though the neighbourhood of Epsom may not be particularly rich in Orchidaceæ; the admirers of this singular and beautiful tribe of plants will derive a rich treat from a careful search in the chalk pits around, where may be found a goodly number thereof. *Orchis conopsea* here abounds; also *Orchis Maculata* and *Orchis pyramidális*; the *O. maculata* occasionally is found with pure white flowers. In Ewell meadows the *Orchis mascula* is pecu-

liarily beautiful with its purple flower. Here also may be had *Orchis Morio*; the *Orchis Bifolia* is of less frequent occurrence.

At Epsom there is a great abundance of *Ophrys Anthropophora*; *Ophrys muscifera*; *Ophrys Monorchis*; and on Banstead Downs, *Neottia spiralis*. Many other interesting calcareous plants are to be found scattered over this neighbourhood—*Chlora perfoliata*; *Phyteuma orbiculare*; *Ononis spinosa*, *Rhamnus catharticus*; *Hippocrepis comósa*; *Asperula cynanchica*; *Sanicula europæa*; *Juniperus commúnis*; *Gentiana amarella*; and *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, which abounds at Ewell.

On Epsom Downs are plentifully found, *Campanula rotundifolia*; *Campanula hederacea*; *Campanula hybrida*; *Campanula glomerata* and *Campanula Trachelium*; *Mono-tropa Hypópitys* has been found at Ashted Park, and sparingly in the Chalk Pits.

Many interesting plants are to be found on the gault and clay at the foot of the chalk. At Durdans, *Daphne Laureola* abounds, as well as *Hypericum Androsæmum*. At some distance from Ewell, near Malden, the elegant aquatic, *Nymphœa alba* has been found. The *Chieranthus Cheiri* richly abounds, with its bright yellow blossoms, about Epsom. *Sedum acre*, *Parietaria officinalis* and *Saxifraga tridactylites* may be had in Ashted and Norbury Parks, and in Norbury Park is to be found *Dipsacus pilosus* and the *Listera Nidus-avis*. *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus*, dwells among the tombs in Chessington Churchyard. *Chenopodium olidum* is also more sparingly found at the foot of old walls.

The Chalk Pits around also contain more or less plenti-

fully, *Ophrys apifera* near Letherhead, *Isatis tinctoria* at Banstead and Epsom. *Verbena officinalis*; *Ecchium vulgare* at Nonsuch; and a few specimens have been found of the *Brachypodium pinnatum*. *Salvia pratensis*; *Salvia verbenaca* and *Cichorium Intybus*; *Chrysplenium oppositifolium* and *Chrysplenium alternifolium*; *Sedum reflexum* and *Sedum anglicum* are all to be found in the neighbourhoods of Epsom and Ashted.

Hypericum pulchrum; *Hypericum Androsæmum* are found at Durdans.

Epsom Common and Ashted Common will both amply repay a careful investigation. The botanist will here find *Salix prostrata*; *Pedicularis palustris*; *Ononis spinosa*; *Juncus pilosus*; *Juncus effusus*; *Juncus squarrosus*; *Juncus glaucus* and *Juncus campestris*. *Geranium Phœum* in the Common Fields, and on the Common again, *Erica Tetralis*; *Calluna vulgaris* and *Erica cinerea*; *Equisetum Arvense*; *Chrysplenium alternifolium*; *Chrysplenium oppositifolium* and *Antirrhinum Linaria*.

We have not found a very numerous set of ferns here, but among them are, *Pteris aquilina*; *Aspidium Filix Mas*; *Athyrium Filix Femina*; *Asplenium Trichomanes*, and near Letherhead, *Asplenium Ruta muraria*. This tribe are always attractive on account of their elegant and curious forms although they are devoid of showy flowers, and here may be made a beginning of the collection which may receive almost unlimited additions from every part of the kingdom.

On Epsom Downs is *Cardamine pratensis*, the Cuckoo flower, or Ladies Smock; and in the clear springs of Ewell, *Conferva Glutinosa*; and near, the *Lythrum Sali-*

caria. The *Lysimachia vulgaris* and the *Butomus umbellatus* are to be found nearer Malden, the latter is remarkable for its elegant umbels of rose coloured flowers.

Sparganium ramosum; *Alisma Plantago*; *Potamogeton crispum*; *Potamogeton lucens*; *Potamogeton gramineum*; *Potamogeton densus*; *Potamogetum compressum* and *Polamogetum natans* are found at Ewell and Newtown Wood.

On Epsom Common is also found, *Genista anglica*, sometimes called Petty Whin. *Convallaria majalis* grows abundantly in these parts, and *Asperula odorata*, and *Asperula cynanchica*; *Geranium dissectum*; *Geranium pratense*; *Geranium Robertianum*; *Geranium rotundifolium*; *Geranium sylvaticum*; *Geranium molle*; *Geranium Phœum*, all may be freely obtained.

Viscum album, the common Mistletoe (so interesting to the ladies) abounds; *Orobanche major*, and various species of *Mentha*. *Cynoglossum sylvaticum* at Norbury Park; *Hyoscyamus niger* at Juniper Hall. *Teucrium Scorodonia*; *Teucrium Chamœdrys*; the *Euphorbia exigua*, *Euphorbia Peplus*, *Euphorbia Amygdaloides*; the various *Trifolia*, (minus, arvense, filiforme, repens, and medium); *Ornithopus perpusillus*; *Circæa lutetiana*; *Hippuris vulgaris*; *Dipsacus Fullonum* at Horton Place: *Solanum nigrum*; *Solanum Dulcamara* in Epsom hedges. *Arenaria serpyllifolia*; *Arenaria rubra*; *Anemone nemorosa*; *Oxalis Acetosella*; *Galeobdolon luteum*; *Digitalis purpurea*; *Epilobium palustre*; *Epilobium hirsutum*; *Centaurea cyaneus*; *Centaurea nigra*, are all found in this region, while the *Ulex europæus*, and the *Spartium scoparium* with their bright yellow blossoms, almost everywhere

contrast beautifully with the rich verdure or the green of the forest trees.

A multitude of other plants might be mentioned, but space will not permit.

This is by no means an attempt to give a perfect list, but merely the result of a desire, that from these cursory remarks, the stranger may be led to give attention to a subject which, with the material Epsom and its neighbourhood can afford, will give him a wide field for pleasure, in the prosecution of a study so innocent, so instructive, and so pure.

The English names of plants are so very arbitrary, and for each so various, that it would take many pages to render them in all their variety; the attempt would therefore perplex rather than be a safe guide. It will be far safer for the student to study their scientific nomenclature, and treasure it in the mind first, and then gather, if he will, the various English titles by which each is called. We shall be satisfied if, with brevity, we have succeeded in attaining correctness in our short detail.

GEOLOGICAL NOTICE.

The Geology of this district presents scarcely any striking and prominent features. Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, and Epsom, lie on the edge of the upper chalk; on the north and west lie the usual beds of clay.

But, although scarcely anything novel may be perceived in the external characteristics of this locality, the eager

geologist will find much to reward his toil. Very rare and beautiful specimens of *Ventriculité* may be found in the Chalk Pits of Sutton and Cheam. Mr. Toulmin Smith's book would be an excellent guide in this department.

Many of the commonest flints will yield specimens for the microscope if carefully manipulated. The *Echinus*, *Spatangus*, *Galerites*, &c., abound. Bivalves in the chalk are numerous. In general the character closely resembles those from Northfleet.

I have found very fine traces of *Vertebræ* in the chalk ; some of which were of considerable size. Large pieces of silicified wood are by no means unusual.

In all probability the collectors of geological specimens would reap a rich harvest in the vicinity of Epsom, as that district has never been thoroughly explored.

But not only in the chalk and flint might scientific labour find its reward ; the clays would also give up much to an earnest enquirer. If a line be drawn from Epsom to Watford, it would cut across the huge tertiary bed which lies in the bason of the chalk. North Cheam, Malden, part of Ewell and Epsom, lie on the margin.

It is to be deplored that proper advantage is not taken of the opportunities which railway cuttings, artesian borings, and similar operations offer. Ignorant laborers will not preserve specimens for which there is little demand, and although I have made many enquiries, I have never obtained anything from the navvies on the railway. I was surprised that the artesian boring at the Malden Station yielded nothing ; although I am informed that well-sinkers in the neighbourhood have discovered very beautiful specimens in the London clay. Builders

and contractors might confer very great obligations on the geologist by preserving any vestiges, and by imparting information as to the locality and depth at which they have been found.

A collection of specimens for the locality might easily be formed at Epsom, and would be very desirable.

I believe that a very valuable species of clay used especially in the manufacture of fire-bricks exists in the district; it crops out on the edge of the chalk.

As a curiosity, Lyson quotes from Leland—that, “Compton of London hath a Close by Codrington in Southerei, where the King buildeth (Nonsuch). In this Close is a vaine of fine yerth, to make mouldes for goldsmithes and casters of metale, that a load of it is sold for a crowne of golde. Like yerth to this is not found in all Englande.”

On the whole, the locality would offer a rich unwrought mine to the geologist, and whether he be inspired by the scientific caution of Mantell, or the love of nature and wider views of Kingsley, he would not be disappointed in his hopes of obtaining reward.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTICE.

However rich Epsom and its vicinity may be in respect of the subjects of the two subordinate kingdoms of Nature, the Vegetable and the Mineral, there is every reason for the supposition that those of the primary kingdom, the Animal are quite as varied and extensive.

To the Lepidopterist and most probably to the Coleopterist also, a mine of entomological wealth is opened in

Newtown Wood, situated upon the borders of our Common, but in the parish of Ashtead.

True it is, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true," that entomologists and gamekeepers differ so widely in their interpretation of the game-laws, the glory and the boast of the English squirearchy, and an almost inexhaustible provocative to the erudition (?) and eloquence which so distinguish the Magisterial Magnates of our highly favoured country.

A gauze net, whether of white, green, orange, or blue, is to the eye of the English gamekeeper a most conclusive evidence, he needs no better or stronger proof, of the game destroying propensities of the poacher. Still entomologists are not altogether exempt from blame, seeing that in the ardour of their pursuit of a favourite study, they are not always found so careful and so considerate in the matter of fences, the disturbance of game and matters of the like nature as they undoubtedly ought to be.

I will make bold to ask a favour of your Grace, said the writer of these remarks to the venerable and benevolent Primate who fills the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury; "It does not in any respect concern the consecration of a church—but the capture of an insect. Your Grace's park has been long noted as the habitat, to use the professional language of entomologists, of a peculiar ecclesiastical insect named "Carmelita." May I venture to ask permission to search the stems of those beautiful birch trees which by their graceful foliage attracted my attention as I approached the house?" "Certainly," is the courteous and ready reply. "Nevertheless, I fear my gamekeepers will scarcely forgive my granting this permission, for they complain loudly of the injury done to the fences, and

speaking of the disturbance of the game. I am quite sure, however, that the game will not suffer from your net. Come when you please, here is my card of admission, may you be successful in your search."

But we had almost forgotten Newtown Wood and its treasures. Though resident in the immediate neighbourhood for more than twenty years, that most beautiful avenue of old oaks, veritable kings and queens of the forest, strange to say, was altogether unknown to me, except in name, until the preceeding summer. We had not imagined anything so truly grand and majestic to have been within such easy reach of the pedestrian.

The king of the butterflies may well be named with the king of the forest. In fact, A. Iris (the Purple Emperor) may be said to hold a divided kingdom with the glory of the forest, the British oak.

On the topmost bough of the tallest tree may be seen, and it is a sight worth a walk of a dozen miles to see, that most lovely insect unfolding its magnificent wings to the sun, without entertaining apparently the most remote intention of affording the man of the "net and pin" below, the remotest hope of a capture. No! sir, you may repocket your chloroform, I am wide awake, and not so easily to be put to sleep as you seem to imagine. Here is my throne and from it I fling defiance at you. As kings and queens are surrounded by equeries, ladies in waiting, maids of honor and other necessary or useful attendants, even so is it with the kings and queens of the Lepidopteræ. See that lovely little creature worthy from its extreme beauty to fill the post of honour to the empress of the butterflies. That is T. Quercûs (the Purple Hair-Streak).

But here the comparison must cease, for maids of honor are not usually (it is supposed) pugnacious, and our pretty little *T. Quercûs* most unmistakably is.

A true satellite, or guard to majesty is she, willing to do battle in any cause good or bad, and utterly regardless of the dignity, rank, or prowess of an adversary, hence he is a fortunate finder who is so fortunate as to capture Miss *Quercûs* uninjured from the usages attendant sooner or later upon such Amazonian propensities.

In Newtown Wood abound most of the Fritillaries—*A. Paphia* (the silver-washed Fritillary); *A. Aglaia* (the dark-green Fritillary); *A. Adippi* (the high-brown Fritillary); *A. Euphrosyne* (the pearl-bordered Fritillary), and last, not least, has been captured in this wood the rare *A. Lathonia* (the Queen of Spain Fritillary).

The very scarce *V. Anthropia* (the Camberwell Beauty) has been taken in a garden situate at New Inn Lane in this parish. *C. edusa* (the Clouded Yellow) was common in the closer fields last autumn, and there can be no doubt *C. hyale* (the pale Clouded Yellow) might have been taken; and probably that beautiful variety of *C. Edusa*, namely, *C. Helice*.

The *Polyommata*; or, Chalkhill Blues are abundant upon our Downs; and who can look upon *P. Corydon* without admiration.

Of the *Nocturni* of Doubleday, the *Sphingidæ* are tolerably abundant. *A. Atropos* (the Deaths Head) may be had in its pupa or chrysalis state at the autumnal gathering of the potatoe crop; unless, indeed, the cupidity of the capturers, which is not unfrequently the case, should put an almost fabulous price upon an insect which is far from uncommon.

A labouring man in the pretty little village of C—— captured, or we rather believe bred, an *A. Antropos*, and having carefully boxed his prize, starts off with it one fine moonlight night to the residence of a wealthy neighbour in the hope and expectation that he may be induced to purchase. The insect is produced—admired—an offer for it made and refused.—“I beant agoing to part with it for no such sum; It aint enough, it aint.” Accordingly *Atropos* is reboxed, and on the march to another destination, when a sudden humour comes upon friend Bumpkin to see how his captive looks by the light of the moon. Yes! there are the deaths head and cross-bones, and there—Whiz—Burrhh—a moments flitting upon the eye—a mount into the air, and an empty box and an empty pocket are all that remain behind. Poor Bumpkin may scratch his astonished head, but the “Deaths Head,” ghostlike, has vanished, leaving behind certainly a sadder, and it is to be hoped a wiser man.

C. ligniperda (the Great Moth) is to be found in its larva state burrowing in the willow. It is a wood feeder—most certainly a wood destroyer, as the specific name indicates. It is stated by Pliny that the larva of this insect was considered, in his time, a great dainty with the Roman epicures. We cannot, however, readily believe that Roman palates would so highly prize a dainty, of which it is written—“the foetid odour enables us to recognise its presence by the smell it imparts to the ground over which it has crawled; there is, however, no accounting for tastes, and possibly the olfactory nerves of the ancient Romans were not so highly sensitive as those of the modern Britons. We have not space to particularise other *Nocturni*, doubtless they are abundant.

Of the Geometræ, judging by the specimens which have already come to hand, it may safely be predicted that Epsom and its neighbourhood will not, upon investigation, be found to be in the rear of many other famed localities.

The hilly field at Headley has attained a name and reputation amongst entomologists, and deservedly so, inasmuch as some of the most rare species of Lepidoptera (or the scaly wings) have been taken here. Of the Pseudo Bombyces of Doubleday, the writer regrets to be unable to report at present anything very favourable. What are understood as "common things," though none the less beautiful, to instance, *P. Bucephalus* (the Buff Tip), the larva of which is most abundant in the Parade, Epsom, and is gregarious, are of course to be found here in abundance; and it is quite hoped that before the season is over a good account may be rendered of something special in this group.

As a man is said to be known by the friendships he has formed, so may a Lepidopterist be known by the inspection of his drawer of Pseudo Bombyces. Of the Noctuæ there is much promise of something good. Ashted oaks have been named as the locality for *C. promissa* and *C. sponsa*, the beautiful Underwings.

The largest and most common of this family, *C. nupta* (Red Underwing) comes freely to sugar; and with it, *M. Maura* (the Old Lady) has been taken in some numbers in the Vicarage Garden, where also *T. Fimbria* (the broad bordered Yellow Underwing) has been captured. That very highly prized Noctuæ, *D. rubiginea* (the Dotted Chcsnut) must be searched for among the yew

trees in Norbury Park, feeding upon the berry; or it may be captured at sugar in the same locality. Stainton in his Manual of British Butterflies and Moths, mentions *D. rubiginea* as "one of the great prizes for autumnal sugarers." Of *T. lineographa*, another "great prize," we learn from the same authority that Leith Hill, near Dorking, is its favourite locality. *C. exoleta*, though scarcely to be called a rare insect, is not to be found in every locality.—at Brighton, upon the Downs, it comes readily to sugar in company with its congener, *C. vetusta*. It is most probable when we consider that the range of chalk hills extends to our Downs, that this insect will be also found here. Stainton in his Manual (already referred to) writes of *C. exoleta*—"any one who has not seen the larva of this insect has a treat in store. I have only once seen it, and then I nearly screamed with delight. No figure can give any idea of the beauty of the living larva." Of the *Deltoides*, *Pyralides*, *Crambites*, and *Tartrites*, it will be sufficient to write that they abound more or less in every lane or hedgerow. The micro-lepidoptera also *Triniæ* and *Pterophori* may be had for the diligent search in no inconsiderable numbers.

Before closing this brief and of necessity very imperfect sketch of the Lepidopteræ of Epsom, the writer will venture the enquiry why the entomology of Epsom should any longer be permitted to remain in the very uncertain and unsatisfactory state in which it undoubtedly is? Almost any town of note, as may be readily seen by reference to the "Entomologists Manual," numbers amongst its inhabitants some active, and it is to be hoped, intelligent entomologists. Surrey, we know, is peculiarly

prolific in the generation of the insect tribe, and there can be little doubt that this portion of the lovely county will be found to yield to entomologists generally, whether Lepidopterists, Coleopterists, Hymenopterists, or other "ists," some very rare treasures.

There is a Literary and Scientific Institution in the very heart of the Town; would there be any difficulty in placing there, for the benefit of those who are desirous of studying Natural History, collections of birds, insects, fossils, &c? We think not.—In union is strength.—Is it too much to invite a few active and intelligent minds and hands to co-operate for the purpose of removing, what appears almost a stigma to the place and its residents, the idea that one only, and that one an all absorbing topic (though it cannot indeed be denied that it is connected in a measure with Natural History, and particularly with the genus *Quadruped*, class *equus*) leaves no room, nor inclination for more invigorating, healthful, and intellectual pursuits.

CONCLUSION.



E now bring
our little
book to a
close. Rapid
has been
our passage
through the
scenes that
might for

months have engaged pen or pencil. Such beauties have arisen at every step that the mind was compelled almost to brush them away, lest ornament should entirely hide the needful pointings of a guide. Many things are treasured up, however, for an enlargement of this work in future editions, which may awaken fresh interest in the scenes around.

We have sought to take the tourist among the most pleasurable scenes, "quite away from the tumult of the world," and nowhere could we have better led him than to the loveliness of Norbury, the leafy grandeur of Ashstead, the palatial associations of Nonsuch and Durdans, or the quiet of those peaceful little villages with their grey church towers and their green fields.

He leaves the bustle of the city, and before he can run through many pages of his favourite poet he passes into a region, where the rustic corn field, and the long grey farm

house, the sleepy cattle, and the tinkling of the sheep bells tell him of the sweet and gladsome country. The lovely cottage, in which he thinks he could for ever dwell, with roses flowering down its walls, and rose branches waving and swinging around the lattice. The graceful fern spreading its fronds beneath the shadow of its porch, and the friendly apple-tree spreading its fruitful shade above, the trim and tasteful garden half flowers, half fruits and vegetables, so fresh and dainty, the picturesque chimney wreathed with ivy and the gleesome children gamboling in the paths. How sweet the scene, in the afternoon time, when the sun is twinkling through the leaves, or slowly dripping his golden light a-down the valley !

Let him leave the noise of the city far away, and rest him beneath yon clump of pines and sycamores, getting alone with the clouds and shadows when sweet eve is coming on: or let him stretch upon the verdant slope shadowed by the ancient ash and oak, when there is no breath around and all is motionless, save the soft sibilant swaying and curtseying of their boughs. Some bank on which the wild thyme grows with its leaves and flowers and insects, in an hour so quiet—

“As, that a whispering blade
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue bells, or a wren's light rustling
Away sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.”

There is a pleasure in business, and idleness is a toil, but toiling labour must have rest, and contemplation must have its part in a well regulated life. How well to have our resting places among the bright and beautiful, and there to mark in His Creations the vestiges of our God, to

wonder at His greatness where most it shines even in His little things.

The well cultivated mind will ever bring God into his company when he walks amid the works of His hand. Every wonder will draw its greatest glory from the fact that it is the High and Holy one that has clothed it with its beauty.

Some admire scenes of one character, some those invested with a different aspect. Some love the sea-side and the wild wave tossed by the mighty wind to them has most charm. Let me lie down upon the soft and grassy turf that yields elastic to the pressure, and listen to the poets song, when the air is calm and serene, and the leaves and flowers fresh with childhood—and his song we will make our own,”—

“ When on the wave the breeze soft kisses flings

I rouse my fearful heart and long to be

Floating at leisure on the tranquil sea ;

But when the hoary ocean loudly sings

Arches his foamy back and spooming swings

Wave upon wave, his angry swell I flee.

Then welcome land and sylvan shade to me,

Where if a gale blows, still the pine tree sings.

Hard is his life whose nets the ocean sweeps—

A bark his horse—shy fish his slippery prey ;

But sweet to me the unsuspecting sleep

Beneath a leafy plane—the fountains play

That babbles idly, or whose tones, if deep,

Delight the rural ear and not affray.”

INDEX.

- American mode of Sight Seeing, 1.
 Anecdote of Poplar Tree, 45.
 Anecdote from experience of Parish Clerk, 56.
 Anecdote of an Insurance Agent, 66.
 Alfred, King, bestowed Leodride on his son Edward, 138.
 Alewife of Letherhead, her Cabaret, 141.
 Animal Kingdom, Epsom rich in the treasures of, 186; A. Iris, the purple emperor, 188; Anecdote of A. Anthropos and the Bumpkin, 190.
 ASHTEAD, 115-136; situation, 115; mention in Doomsday-Book, 116; owners of estate, 116-118; seats of gentry, 118; Inn, 119; Toland on 1666, 115.
 Avenue of Limes at Ashtead, 121.
 Ashtead, Aubrey on, 122.
 Ashtead, Evelyn on, 122.
 Anecdote regarding Spanish Chesnut Trees at Ashtead, 126.
 Almshouses at Epsom, 57.
 Almshouses at Ashtead, 135.
 Ashtead Church, 130.
 Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth's cause of leaving Nonsuch, 108.
 BANSTEAD, 163-170; situation, 163; its Downs, 163; mention in Doomsday-Book, 163; seven manors in parish, 164; Henry VIII. settles part on Katherine of Aragon, 164; seats of gentry, 167; church and monuments, 166; Banstead, restoration of to Sir Francis Carew, 165; Banstead Park, 168; Banstead Place, 168; Bergh House, 168; Burgh, manor of, 165; Banstead, traditionary lore concerning, 169; Buckle, family of, 165; Banstead, Evelyn's mention of, 169; Brayley's History of Surrey on Races at Epsom, 170.
 Burney, Dr., epitaph by him, 175.
 Bishop Wilfred, 8; Black Abbot of Chertsey, legend concerning, 9.
 Boucher, Rev. Jonathan, 48.
 Benevolent College, Royal Medical, 45.
 Bridge across the Mole, 137.
 Beech Trees at Norbury, 149; Baits suited to fishing the Mole, 151.
 Banks at Epsom, 14.
 Bath of Queen Elizabeth near Nonsuch, 97.
 Bocket, Rev. B. Bradney, 23.
 Botanical Notice, 177-184. Derivation of the word Botany, 177; Botany, knowledge of, necessary to full enjoyment of nature, 178; Botany, instruments for, 180; Botany, synopsis of, fit for student, 180; Bivalves, 185.
 Brooks, R. Esq., M.P., 85.
 CHESSEXINGTON, 174-176; its ecclesiastical junction with Malden, 174; its situation, 174; boundaries, 174; Cisendone and Cisedune, names thereof mentioned in Doomsday-Book, 174; conveyance to Edward Northey, Esq. 174; church & monuments, 174; Camden's account of Roman remains near Baustead, 169; Cardinal Poles conspiracy, 165; Campanula, 181; Camberwell beauty, 189.
 Cedar carving at Ashtead church, 131.
 Chessington Church, 175.
 Chenopodium, 181; Chalk beds, 184.
 Charles II., his courtiers resorting to the King's Head inn, 19.
 Charles II. problem, Dr. Rochecliffe's explanation, 76.
 Charles II. and his Queen dine at Durdans, 80.
 Charles II. a guest at Ashtead during Sir Robert Howard's time, 120.
 Charles II. builds stables at Epsom, 19.
 Church, St. Martin's, Epsom, 46.
 Church, Christ's, Epsom Common, 58.
 Churches, two mentioned in Doomsday-Book as existing in Epsom, 46.
 Church of Ewell, 99.
 Church, St. Giles, Ashtead, 130.
 Church, All Saints, Banstead, 166.
 Church, Chessington, 175.
 Chapel of Independents, Epsom, 60.
 Chapel of Wesleyan Methodists, 61.
 Chapel, temporary, 61.
 Chapel of professors of pure Calvinistic doctrine, 61.
 Chalibate Wells, Mrs. Deborah Giles on, 73.
 Chertsey, Black Abbot of, 9.
 Clay, valuable in Epsom district, 186.
 Coleopterist meets subjects for study at Epsom, 186.
 College, Royal Medical Benevolent, 63.

- Copyhold injurious to Epsom, 11.
 Crisp, Samuel, his monument in Chessington Church, 175.
 Curious quotation from Leland, 186.
 D'Arblay, Madame, her father wrote the epitaph to Samuel Crisp, 175.
 Deer at Ashted, 128.
 Defoe's anecdote on Mole, 159.
 Derby-day, road on, 5.
 Derby Stakes, origin of name, 172.
 District Visiting Society, 59.
 Downs at Epsom, scenery of, 171.
 Doomsday-Book on Ebesham, 9.
 Doomsday-Book on Ewell, 92.
 Doomsday-Book on Ashted, 116.
 Doomsday-Book on Thorncroft, 138.
 Doomsday-Book on Banstead, 163.
 Doomsday-Book on Chessington, 174.
 Doctor, his explanation of the Wells, decline, 75.
 Doubleday, Nocturni of, 189.
 Drayton's episode on wooing of the Thames and Medway, 156.
 Durdans, 80.
 Epsom, 5-44; its palaces mediæval and more modern, 7; situation, 8; old names of, 8; derivation of name, 8; Henry VIII. in possession of, 10; various successions, 11; Ebisham, Ebesham, Epseham, 8; Ebba, Princess 8; Epsom court, 8; Elizabeth gives manor to Edward Darcy, Esq., 10; Epsom races, 170; railways to, 13; Epsom, seats of gentry near, 79-90.
 Eastern kings weighed 71.
 Elizabeth purchased Nonsuch Park, 107. Essex and Elizabeth, 107.
 Edward III., ancient bridge at Letherhead in reign of, 137.
 Elinour Rummyng, Skelton's mention of her, 141.
 Egmont, Earl of, his seat at Nork, 167.
 Epsom, plants peculiar to, 186.
 Evelyn's description of the air of Surrey, 8.
 Evelyn on the Beech, 127.
 Evelyn on Ashted, 122.
 Evelyn at Durdans, 80.
 Eudoxa, Tolands letter to, 32.
 Elinour Rummyng, 141; Elms, 112-125.
 EWELL Church, 99; manor of, 92; derivation of name, 92.
 Fishing on Mole, 153.
 Flies and bait suited to the Mole, 151.
 Fish not the sufferers they are imagined to be, 155.
 Fishing subjects, various remarks on, 154
 Fish with hooks and lines in their mouths take the natural fly, 158.
 Fish, test of weight in, 152.
 Fish, lakes at Brussels drained for, 160.
 Fishing with minnow, 151.
 Frederic, Prince of Wales, 81.
 Farmer, W. Esq., in possession of Nonsuch, 113.
 Fine collection pictures at Ashted, 123.
 Ferns, 182; Fritillaries, 189.
 Gasworks at Epsom, 15
 Gadesden, Mrs., of Ewell Castle, 97.
 George IV. at Epsom when Regent, 27.
 Giles, Mrs. Dedorah, on chalibeates, 73.
 Glyn, family of, 95.
 Gardens at Nonsuch, 113,
 Gardens & conservatories at Ashted, 129
 Gardens, nursery at Epsom, 15.
 Gilpin, 128; Gainsborough, 128.
 Gosse, Henry, Esq., 24.
 Gamekeepers enemies to Entomology, 187
 Gale on Banstead antiquities, 169.
 Ghost Story and Lord Lyttleton, 17.
 Gwynn, Eleanor, at Epsom, 19.
 Head, Sir Francis, 18.
 Harris, Dr., author of Mammon, 60.
 Henry VIII. in possession of Epsom, 10.
 Henry VIII. annexes Ewell to Hampton, 22.
 Henry VIII., origin of his taking Nonsuch, 104.
 Henry VIII. settles part of Banstead on Katherine of Aragon, 164.
 Headley, hilly field of, 191.
 Hogarth's print with Mrs. Mapp introduced, 79.
 Horsley's account of Roman remains, 170
 Howard, Sir Robert, 117-121.
 Howard, Hon. Mrs., 118.
 Howard, Hon. F. G., 118.
 Hortou, manor of, 12.
 House in Southwark belonging to Banstead, 163.
 Hotels in Epsom, 13.
 Hotel in Ewell, 96.
 Hotel in Letherhead, 161; Hotel in Banstead, 168.
 Hudson, Mrs., Banstead, 166.

- Hypocaust, part of, at Ashtead, 131.
- Infant School, Epsom, Miss Trotter, 60.
- Inn, New, at Epsom, 1706, 28.
- Inn at Banstead, 168.
- Inn at Ashtead, 118.
- Instruments for Botany, 180.
- Itinerary, Toland's, 39.
- James II. at Ashtead, 120.
- Jeffry, Judge, at Letherhead, 142.
- King's Head Hotel, Epsom, once frequented by Courtiers Charles II., 19.
- Knipe, Mr., anecdote of, 89.
- London, fire of, Pepys account, 109.
- Levingstone's rogueries, 72.
- Leigh Hunt on Frederic Prince Wales, 81.
- Letherhead connected with Ewell in 123, 138.
- Letherhead the country around, 139.
- Lambert family, 166.
- Linnæus on "order," 178.
- Lay of the Scotch bard, 162.
- Leland on valuable clays, 186.
- Large antlers, legend of, 128.
- Legge, Rev. William, 122-134.
- Lexicographer, Parkhurst the, 50.
- Lyttleton, Lord, at Pitt Place, Epsom, 17.
- Lyttleton, Lord, extraordinary vision to, 17.
- Lepidopteræ of Epsom and neighbourhood, 186.
- Mapp, Mrs., at Epsom, 77; her marriage, 79.
- Manors, 8-10-12-92-116-138-165-174.
- Mediæval period, palaces of, 7.
- Madan, Martin, Rev., 86.
- Modern palatial structures, 7.
- Mole, its course, 153.
- Mole, Drayton, Spenser, Milton, Dodsley and Thompson on, 156-157-158.
- Mole a court beauty; Fishing on, 153.
- Monuments at Epsom, 48.
- Monuments at Ewell, 100.
- Monuments at Ashtead, 132.
- Monuments at Letherhead, 143.
- Monuments at Banstead, 166.
- Monuments at Chessington, 175.
- National Schools at Epsom, 60.
- National Schools at Ashtead, 134.
- National Schools at Banstead, 167.
- National Schools at Chessington, 176.
- Nell Gwynn, account of her death, 20.
- Nonsuch park and palace, 104.
- Northey, Sir Edw., attorney-general, 54.
- Newtown Wood, 135-188.
- Nork, seat of Earl of Egmont, 167.
- Norbury park, 146.
- Notice, Botanical, 177.
- Notice, Geological, 184.
- Notice, Entomological, 186.
- Nursery gardens, 15.
- Object of this work,
- Oak and Walnut trees at Norbury, 148.
- Oak carving at Banstead church, 166.
- Old ruins of Queen Elizabeth's bath, 97.
- Orchidaceæ, 180.
- Ophrys, 181.
- Origin of Henry VIII. possessing Nonsuch, 104.
- Origin of name of river Mole, 152.
- Opera, Beggars, and Polly Peachum, 77.
- Owners of Ashtead estate, 116-118.
- Owners of Norbury estate since the reign of Edward the Confessor, 137-139.
- Palaces of Epsom in Mediæval period, 7.
- Palace of Nonsuch, 104.
- Palace of Ebba on site Epsom court, 8.
- Parish Church, Epsom, 45.
- Parkhurst, Rev. John, 50.
- Parkhurst Charles, curious inscription on his tombstone, 54.
- Plans for the tourist, 74-146.
- Park of Nonsuch, 104.
- Park, Norbury, 146.
- Park of Ashtead, 119.
- Park Trees, 120.
- Pepys Diary, extracts from, 108-109.
- Pepys mention of Nell Gwynn, 21.
- Pictures at Ashtead, 123.
- Present possessors of Ewell, 94-96.
- Present possessor of Nonsuch, 113.
- Pitt Place, residence Lord Lyttleton, 17.
- Princess Ebba, 8.
- Print of Mrs. Mapp by W. Hogarth, 79.
- Perrotts, the manor of, 166.
- Present possessor of manors of Cisedone and Cisedune, 174.
- Plants peculiar to the neighbourhood of Epsom, 180.
- Pits, chalk, of Sutton, Cheam, &c., 184.

- Purple Emperor, the, 188.
 Purple hair-streak, the, 188.
 Quantity of fish netted in Mole, 159.
 Queen Elizabeth gives possession of Epsom to Edward Darcy, Esq., 10.
 Queen Victoria's visit Epsom Races, 85.
 Quercus, or purple hair-streak, 188.
 Races at Epsom, 170.
 Royal Medical Benevolent College, 63.
 Railways to Epsom, 13.
 Registers of Banstead, commence 1546, 167.
 Register of funeral of Judge Jeffry's daughter, at Letherhead, 142.
 Remarks on fishing, 160.
 River Mole, course of, 153.
 Remarkable Church of All Saints, Banstead, for its pointed arches, 166.
 Restoration of Banstead to Sir F. Carew, 165.
 Roman fragments, 169; Ruth Brett, Monument to, 166.
 River Mole, bait suited to, 151.
 Rubiginea, or dotted chesnut moth, 191.
 Seats of Gentry, 84-90-96-98-144-145.
 Sedum, 181.
 Scrofula, cure by kings, 78.
 Shrubberies at Ashtead, 125.
 Scotch Bard, lay of, 162.
 Spanish Chesnuts at Ashtead, 126.
 Spanish Chesnuts, anecdote of, 127.
 Spencer on the Mole, 158.
 Specimens of Ventriculite, 185.
 Stables at Ashtead, 130.
 Stainton on *C. exoleta*, 192.
 Stakes, Derby and Oaks, origin of the names, 172.
 Stewards of the course, 173.
 Stane-street causeway, 169.
 Swallows, cause of the Mole, 159.
 Synopsis of Botany suitable for the student, 180.
 Skelton, poet-laureat to Henry VIII. 141.
 Tadworth, manor of, 166.
 Test of weight in fish, 152.
 Turner, Sharon, residence of, 24.
 Turner Sharon, works of, 24.
 Toland on Wells, 69.
 Toland's Itinerary, 39.
 Toland on Ashtead, 115.
 Toland's Letter to Eudoxa, 32.
 Top Sawyer, the, 89.
 Tourist, plans for, 74-146.
 Thames meets Mole and loves, 156.
 Thornbury on Nonsuch Palace, 111.
 Thormanby and Eclipse, 172.
 Torr, George, Esq., his residence, 96.
 Thorncroft, manor of, 138.
 Three separate estates in Letherhead before the Norman Conquest, 139.
 Trees, ancient yew, 148.
 Two Churches mentioned in Doomsday-Book as existing at Epsom, 46.
 Traditional lore concerning Banstead, 168.
 Tradition as to the origin of Epsom Races, 172.
 Trees of Ashtead Park, 121-125.
 Union Workhouse, Epsom, 61.
 Various successors to Epsom, 11.
 Village of Banstead, 163.
 Various species of Ferns, 182.
 Ventriculite in chalk pits of Sutton and Cheam, 185.
 Vertebrae in the chalk, 185.
 Wilfred, Bishop, baptised, 8.
 Watts, Dr., 60.
 Wells, the, 65.
 What they were? 66.
 What they are? 66.
 Wells, discovery of the, 68.
 Wells, Toland on, 69-72.
 Wells in the present day, 69.
 Wells, cause of decay, 75.
 Wells, chalibeate, 73.
 Will Hogarth's print of Mrs. Mapp, 76.
 Wales, Frederic Prince of, 80.
 Woodcote Park, 84.
 Wooing of Thames and Medway, 156.
 Wych Elm, 125.
 Windows of stained glass, 47.
 Woodcote, Roman remains, 169.
 Young Doctors explanations of the failure of the Well, 75.
 Yew Trees, ancient, 148.



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